THOUGHTS

UPON THE

Four Laſt Things:

DEATH; JUDGMENT; || HEAVEN; and HELL.

A

POEM.

In FOUR PARTS.

By *JOSEPH TRAPP*, D.D.

The Third Edition.

To which are added,

The I, CIV, and CXXXVII PSALMS PARAPHRAS'D.

LONDON:

Printed for W. RUSSEL, at *Horace's Head*, without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Verſes written by the Author, and deſign'd for his Tomb-Stone.

DEATH! JUDGMENT! HEAV'N and HELL! Think, CHRISTIANS, think!
You ſtand on vaſt ETERNITY's dread Brink;
FAITH and REPENTANCE! PIETY, and PRAY'R!
Deſpiſe *this* World, the *next* be all your Care!
Thus, while my Tomb the ſolemn Silence breaks,
And to the Eye this cold, dumb Marble ſpeaks;
Tho' *Dead*, I preach: If e'er with ill Succeſs,
Living, I ſtrove th' important Truths to preſs;
Your precious, your immortal Souls to ſave;
Hear me, at leaſt, O! hear me, from my *Grave!*

THE PREFACE.

17 00 65

HOWEVER dull, and trite it may be, to declaim againſt the Corruptions of the Age One lives in; I preſume it will be allow'd me by Every-body, that all manner of Wickedneſs, both in Principles, and Practice, abounds among us at preſent, to a degree ſcarce heard of in any Chriſtian State, or Kingdom. We have been bad enough, God knows, ever ſince my Remembrance; and I have liv'd in ſix Reigns: But for about theſe twenty Years laſt paſt, the Engliſh *Nation has been, and is, ſo* prodigiouſly debauch'd; *its very* Nature, *and* Genius *ſo chang'd; that I ſcarce know it to* be *the* Engliſh *Nation, and am almoſt*

a Foreigner *in my* own Country. *Not only barefac'd, impudent Immorality of all Kinds; but open, profeſs'd Infidelity, and Atheiſm.*———*But I begin to declaim indeed; and forget that I am writing a ſhort* Preface. *To ſtop Theſe* Overflowings of Ungodlineſs, *Much has been done in* Proſe; *yet not ſo, as to ſuperſede all other Endeavours: And therefore, the Author of theſe Poems was willing to try, whether any Good might be done in* Verſe. *This* Manner of Conveyance *may perhaps have ſome Advantages, which the Other has Not. At leaſt, it makes* Variety; *which is ſomething conſiderable. The* Quatuor Noviſſima, *as they are commonly called, the* Four Laſt Things, *are manifeſtly Subjects of the utmoſt Importance: If due Reflexions upon* Death, Judgment, Heaven, *and* Hell, *will not reclaim Men from their Vices; Nothing will. And that our* Infidels *may not pretend, that in Theſe Papers the* Queſtion is begg'd, *and*

Things

Things Suppos'd, *which ought to be* Prov'd; *(which is* Their *Way of Arguing, not* Ours:) *Care is taken to encounter* Infidelity *upon all proper Occaſions; and to ſhew Theſe mighty* Reaſoners, *in their own Conceit, that either they know Nothing of Reaſoning; or wilfully falſify, and labour to deceive Mankind into Deſtruction. This little Work was intended for the Uſe of All, from the Greateſt to the Leaſt. But as it would have been intolerably flat and inſipid to the Former, had it been wholly written in a Stile level to the Capacitys of the Latter; To obviate Inconveniencies on both ſides, an Attempt has been made to* entertain *the* Upper *Claſs of Readers; and by* Notes *to* explain *ſuch Paſſages in Divinity, Philoſophy, Hiſtory,* &c. *as might be* difficult *to the* Lower. *A Detail of the Principal Matters, contain'd in each Part, is likewiſe premis'd by way of Contents. And in the* Notes, *the Texts of Scripture, alluded to, are cited.*

It

It has been objected (we are told) that Here is too much Scripture *for a* Poetical Compoſition: *But Thoſe Objectors, I doubt, are but indifferent* Criticks, *as well as not the beſt of* Chriſtians. *Of which Much might be ſaid; But we have not Time, nor indeed is it worth While. Our Author, however, is ſo far from being aſham'd of his* Scripture *(in his Love, and Admiration of which, He will ever glory) that He has all along quoted Chapter and Verſe; as if the Four* Parts *of his* Poems *were ſo many* Sermons. *The Work (if it may be ſo call'd) being partly* Argumentative, *and partly* Deſcriptive; *it would have been* ridiculous, *had it been* poſſible, *to make the* Firſt-mention'd *as* Poetical *as the* Other.

Ornari res ipſa negat, contenta doceri.

In long Pieces of Muſick there is the plain Recitativo, *as well as the higher, and more Muſical Modulation; And they mutually recom-*

recommend, and ſet off Each other. But about Theſe Matters the Writer is little ſolicitous; any otherwiſe than as they are ſubſervient to his Deſign of Doing Good. *That is his Aim; and God give Succeſs to it. We only obſerve farther, that tho'* Infidelity, *and the moſt* flagitious Crimes *are here* chiefly *inſiſted upon; yet not Thoſe* only: *And Theſe Meditations will appear to be of great Uſe to the* lower Rank *of* Sinners; *and even to the* good, *nay the* beſt, *Chriſtians.*

The Three Pſalms *paraphras'd in Verſe, were thought proper to be added; and we need ſay no more of them.*

THE

17 OC 65

The ARGUMENT.

REASONS why People are generally averſe from the Thoughts of Death. The Certainty of it to All. Unreaſonable that its Commonneſs, *and* Certainty *ſhould make it* Deſpis'd, *or* Neglected. *The Uſefulneſs and Neceſſity of meditating upon it.* ver. 1, &c. *A Good Man upon his Death-bed. A wicked Man upon his Death-bed.* ver. 32, &c. *A wicked Man in the intermediate State.* ver. 58, &c. *A Good Man in the intermediate State.* ver. 94, &c. *Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul, againſt the Infidels.* ver. 190, &c. *Eternity of Happineſs, and Miſery. Both depend upon the Management of our ſhort Time Here.* ver. 297, &c. *Our Lives ſhort; yet long enough for all the Purpoſes of Living: Our Time to be carefully and frugally ſpent. Folly of taking Pains to* die Rich. ver. 324, &c. *Uſe of meditating upon Death, and Eternity, with regard to Pleaſure, Honour,* &c. ver. 368, &c. *With regard to the flouriſhing Condition of wicked Men. With regard to the Troubles and Afflictions of This Life.* ver. 398, &c. *Death equals all in This World: Vertue and Vice only make the Diſtinction in the Next.* ver. 422, &c. *Uſe of meditating upon Death, with regard to the Vices, Follies, and univerſal Corruption of Mankind.* ver. 441, &c. *Death not to be wiſh'd.* ver. 466, &c. *Deſperate Madneſs of Self-Murther.* ver. 506, &c. *More Uſes of meditating upon Death. It deſtroys not our preſent Happineſs; but improves it.* ver. 526, &c. *Preſent Things, and Future.* ver. 570, &c. *The grand Uſe of All.* ver. 586, &c.

PART I.

DEATH.

DARK to Futurity, in Doubt, and Fear,
Short of *Hereafter*'s What, and How, and Where,
Trembling to launch into an unknown State,
Final, immutable, and fix'd as Fate;
Fond, fooliſh Man would fain thoſe Thoughts decline,
And loſe them in falſe Bus'neſs, Sports, or Wine.
But *can'ſt* thou loſe them? Seeſt thou not, each Hour,
Age drop like Autumn-leaves? Youth like a Flow'r
Cut down? Do Coffins, Graves, and tolling Bells
Warn thee in vain? In Palaces, and Cells,
The Heights of Life above, the Vales beneath,
In Towns, and Fields, we every where meet Death.
Dull! trite! inſipid! cries the Critick's Phlegm;
* *Mors omnibus communis* —— Children's Theme ——

* *Death is common to All*; or, *We muſt all die.*

Why, Children die; and, Critick, ſo muſt Thou;
And ſo muſt I; tho' None knows When, or How:
Soon it muſt be; and That is all we know.
Muſt Death (while Life is ſo much over priz'd)
Becauſe 'tis thus familiar, be deſpis'd?
Neglected, becauſe certain? when our Bliſs,
Or Woe ſucceeds? What Turn of Mind is This?
Oh! but the Image preſent Mirth deſtroys:
Suppoſe That true; it leads to endleſs Joys.
Muſt we indulge no Thoughts but ſuch as pleaſe?
And ſacrifice our Safety to our Eaſe?
But 'tis *Not* true: The Vertuous, and the Wiſe
Have more Enjoyment than the Fools of Vice:
And Nothing more to make us Good can tend,
While Life endures, than Thinking on its End:
By That no preſent Happineſs is loſt;
He fears Death leaſt, who thinks upon it moſt.
Ev'n to the Beſt indeed, with brandiſh'd Dart,
This King of Terrors will ſome Fear impart:
Adverſe to Nature This much-dreaded Foe
Makes Nature bend beneath the threaten'd Blow.
Thus much of Sin Original remains
Still unatton'd: Sad Sickneſs, Languor, Pains,
Phyſicians, Med'cines, weeping Babes and Wife,
Parting with deareſt Friends, and ſweet, ſweet Life:

Darkneſs

Darkneſs *behind*, as Pain and Tears *before*:
But ſoon the melancholy Scene is o'er.
Ev'n while it laſts, Joy intermix'd with Grief
Refreſhes him, and Conſcience brings Relief.
Smiling he kens the happy Realms above,
Bleſt Regions of eternal Peace, and Love:
His Saviour, while in Air his Sighs exhale,
Conſoles, and guides him thro' the gloomy Vale;
Faithful Creator! His firm Staff and Rod
Supports the Soul incumbent on its God.

Not ſo the Wicked; Hell is in his Breaſt;
He ſhakes, and ſhudders at the dire Arreſt.
Stinging Reflection, while he yields his Breath,
Adds Point and Venom to the Shaft of Death:
He ſees the Gulph, and ſhivers on the Brink;
Nature, and Guilt, and Conſcience backward ſhrink:
Or if the Wretch obdur'd, or ſtupid dies;
He ſleeps indeed, but Hell unſeals his Eyes.

Of Both the Bodys cold in Earth are laid;
Their Souls to diff'rent Seats, or States, convey'd.

Ver. 47. —— *Gloomy Vale*] Pſalm xxiii. 4.

Ver. 48. *Faithful Creator.*] 1 Pet. iv. 19. *Commit the Keeping of their Souls unto Him, as unto a faithful Creator.*

Ibid. —— *Staff and Rod.*] Pſalm xxiii. 4.

Ver. 57. *Hell unſeals his Eyes.*] Luke xvi. 23. *And in Hell he lift up his Eyes.*

Thou ſeeſt a Corpſe with fun'ral Pomp inurn'd :
How great the Man! With how much Splendor mourn'd!
Seeſt with his Own his Wife's Eſcutcheon join'd,
And gilded Banners flutter in the Wind;
The Herald's Art! much gaz'd at, underſtood
By few! But was he Virtuous, Wiſe, and Good?
If ſo; This hurts him not: But if unjuſt,
Abandon'd to baſe Av'rice, Pride, or Luſt;
What boots this Pageantry? With joyful Howl
Infernal Spirits ſeiz'd his parting Soul.
Which Now, or in a diſmal Dungeon bound,
In Chains of Darkneſs, in a Den profound,
With Millions like Herſelf, deſpairing groans:
Or, if at large, with piercing fruitleſs Moans,
Low, near to Earth, her former dear Delight,
Fills the dun Air, and ſhrieks thro' Shades of Night:
Hovers around the wretched Coarſe ſhe left,
And fain would enter: Of that Hope bereft,
Stript of her Body, naked, and forlorn,
She ſcuds away, and dreads the riſing Morn:

No

VER. 71. *Chains of Darkneſs.*] 2 Pet. ii. 4. Jude 6.
VER. 74. *Low, near to Earth.* —— to VER. 90. —— *Herſelf a Hell.*] See Note on Part III. Ver. 488.

No Object finds to gratify her Senſe,
Herſelf almoſt a Body, groſs, and denſe;
Yet not enough, her Appetites to pleaſe;
She knows no Interval of Reſt, or Eaſe.
Imaginary Bags of Gold ſhe claſps;
In vain; 'tis empty Air alone ſhe graſps:
Luſt ſhe'd indulge; but is with Thinneſs curſt:
Would drink; but, tho' immortal, dies for Thirſt.
Her black and dev'liſh Paſſions, Night and Day,
Pride, Malice, Rage, and Envy, on her prey.
Herſelf already to herſelf a Hell,
She trembles in thoſe ſulph'rous Flames to dwell;
With Horror waits the laſt tremendous Doom
Of fiercer Pains, and Torments yet to come.
A diff'rent Fate the Juſt Man's recent Ghoſt
Attends: He, landing on the New World's Coaſt,
(Fertile of Wonders, glorious to behold!)
Looks back with Joy, and Triumph, on the Old.
O Death, he crys, (her Pow'r he now can brave)
Where is thy Sting? Thy Victory, O Grave?

VER. 92, 93. *With Horror waits ——— yet to come:*] It plainly appears both from Reaſon and Scripture, that there is an *intermediate State* of Souls, and of Happineſs, and Miſery, between Death, and the Day of Judgment. See *Bp. Bull*'s Serm. III. Vol. I.

VER. 98. 99. *O Death ——— O Grave.*] 1 Cor xv 55.

He ſmiles, reflecting on the Pride of Kings;
And Angels bear him on their purple Wings
To Manſions of celeſtial Peace, and Reſt:
Death is to Him, who dies but to be bleſt,
A Gate from This to a far better Life,
Free from all Pain, and Sorrow, Cares, and Strife.
We, viewing his pale Body ſpoil'd of Breath,
And all the new Diſhonours wrought by Death,
Contemplating his Fun'ral now prepar'd,
His Grave juſt ſunk, or the dark Vault unbarr'd,
His ſable Cheſt, and what We *call* his *End*,
Abſurdly *pity* our departed Friend:
Alas! He pitys *Us*; whom here he leaves
In this ſad Vale of Tears; whom Life deceives
With vain falſe Hopes; who labour, here below,
With unſubſtantial Joys, and ſolid Woe:
He bids us for Ourſelves more juſtly grieve,
And ſighs to ſee the wretched Death we live.
Himſelf or in a bliſsful Region dwells,
Which VIRGIL's feign'd *Elyſium* far excels;
A *Paradiſe* more pleaſant now can boaſt,
Than That which Man's firſt Diſobedience loſt;

An

VER. 101. *And Angels bear him*, &c.] Luke xvi. 22.

An *Eden*, which ſhould ev'n great MILTON paint,
His ſtrongeſt Colours would be dead, and faint:
Where all the Good departed hence enjoy
Ineffable Delights, which never cloy.
Or bleſt in State alone, unfix'd to Place,
Ranges the infinite Expanſe of Space;
Obſtructed by no Boundaries, or Bars,
Expatiates thro' th' unnumber'd Worlds of Stars;
Sees how barb'd Comets ſhake their fiery Hair,
How Planets, hung on Nothing, ſpin in Air:
Of plain Effects the latent Cauſes views;
How Hail is moulded, and how riſe the Dews;
How blended Elements unite in Striſe,
And bury'd Seeds by dying ſpring to Life:
What paints the Tulip, and the bluſhing Roſe;
How from the Violet the freſh Odor flows:
How Cold congeals, and why aſcends the Fire;
Why Tides ſwell high, and leſs'ning Ebbs retire.
Now to the Bottom of the boundleſs Deep
Deſcends, where loweſt Floods in ſilence ſleep;
The Wonders of the Watry World ſurveys,
Thro' Coral-Groves, and Finny Nations ſtrays.
Now thro' the Windings of the cavern'd Earth
Delighted roves; views Metals in their Birth;

The hidden Crudities of Things explores;
Views future Seas, e'er yet they beat their Shores;
Rivers, which glide thro' ſubterraneous Caves,
Before they mix their Streams with Ocean's Waves.
Thro' the whole Moral Scheme his piercing Sight
Directs, and views it in its native Light:
Knows e'en HIMSELF; knows what he *Was*, and *Is*;
What in his *Former* State, and What in *This*:
How rude Ideas in the Mind are wrought;
How Thinking is perform'd, and What is Thought.
What Soul, and Body are; How firſt combin'd,
Why now divorc'd, and how to be rejoin'd.
Sees thro' the Whole the great Creator ſpred,
Reigning thro' All, the Living, and the Dead;
(All live to him) the Univerſal Whole
By Him ſuſtain'd; the Body, and the Soul;
Nature's vaſt Frame: In Him All live, and move,
The vileſt Worm below, the higheſt Saint above.
Nor This in Solitude; He roaming meets,
And with unutterable Pleaſure greets
(Nor is to Him leſs Love by Them expreſs'd)
Ten thouſand Myriads of his Fellow Bleſt.

All

VER. 160 *All live to him*] Luke xx. 38.
VER. 162. *In Him all live, and move.*] Acts xvii. 28.

All join in ſweet Society, and raiſe
Their Voices to th' Eternal Godhead's Praiſe.
To Them their Elder Brethren of the Sky,
The Angels, as thro' liquid Air they fly,
To execute th' Almighty's dread Commands,
Oft add themſelves, and friendly touch their Hands.
And well they can delicious Converſe hold
With Thoſe high Spirits, tho' of purer Mold;
Since here on Earth their Taſtes to heav'nly Good
Were always turn'd, and reliſh'd Angel's Food.
And now each Soul, of Subſtance more refin'd
(Its airy Vehicle almoſt a Mind)
Objects agreeable can never want,
Nor any Joys its cumbrous Fleſh could grant.
Yet in This bliſful intermediate State
The laſt Perfection of their Bliſs they wait:
Farther than This Poſſeſſion Hope extends,
Sure Hope of Happineſs which never ends,
Conſummate Happineſs; when Fleſh and Soul
Shall re-unite, and be the former Whole;

When

Ver. 179. *Its airy Vehicle.*] It was the Opinion of ſome of the Antient Fathers, that the Angels themſelves have certain fine aereal Bodys; which are called *Vehicles.*

Ver. 182. *Yet in this bliſsful, intermediate,* &c. to Ver. 189.] See Note on Ver. 92, 93.

When Heav'n ſhall all the Juſt made perfect bleſs,
And Hope in abſolute Fruition ceaſe.
But ſoft——We ſtand arreſted in our Courſe:
Objections here of mighty Weight, and Force,
Againſt Theſe Suppoſitions, fancy'd Things,
The bloated, or the meagre, Atheiſt brings.
ATHEIST I ſtile him; for He's much the Same;
Tho' chuſing DEIST's ſomewhat milder Name.
Speak then, dull Infidel, thy inmoſt Thought:
Death's Nought, thou ſay'ſt, and after Death is Nought;
A future State, vile Prieſtcraft's bugbear Theme,
And all Reveal'd Religion is a Dream.
But canſt thou *prove* This? No; not, tho' 'twere true:
But, as 'tis falſe; *Facts done* canſt Thou *undoe?*
Canſt Thou by Logick, and Philoſophy,
What ſurely *is* demonſtrate *not to be?*
Did God (a Truth from All beſides conceal'd)
Reveal to Thee that Nothing is reveal'd?

Was

VER. 193. *The bloated, or the meagre Atheiſt*, &c.] Some pamper'd, and ſwoln with Gluttony, and Drunkenneſs, &c. Others ſober, thinking, lean Infidels. See Part IV. from Ver. 476. to 508.

VER. 194, 195: *Atheiſt*——*Deiſt*——] *Deiſt* (as the State of Infidelity now ſtands) is but another Word for *Atheiſt*; However *contrary* they may ſeem. See Note on Part IV. Ver. 50.

Was ever Spirit ſent to Thee alone
From t'other World to tell thee there is None?
This, thou reply'ſt, is Contradiction all:
So are thy Reas'nings, vain, proud Animal:
* Which I (if Heav'n ſo far this Span prolong)
Will prove by Argument, in Rhime, and Song,
As many have in Proſe. Nor is't in Verſe
Unfit theſe Truths important to rehearſe,
Theſe ſerious, moral, theologic Things:
Since, as the preaching Poet wiſely ſings,
† "A Verſe may find Him who a Sermon flys,
"And turn Delight into a Sacrifice."
Mean while, What think'ſt thou? Was the human Soul,
Which by a tranſient Glance from Pole to Pole
Travels more ſwift than Light, to Heav'n ſublime
Can fly, deſcend to Hell, fix fleeting Time,
The Paſt and Future to the Preſent join,
And knows no Bounds which can its Range confine,
But INFINITE alone ——

Which

* It was the Author's Deſign (if it ſhould pleaſe God to give him Life for it) I. To demonſtrate, in Verſe, the Neceſſity of Revelation in general; and the Truth and Excellence of the Chriſtian Religion in particular. II. To diſplay the Glory of God in his Works of 1 Creation, 2 Redemption, 3 Providence. III. To ſet forth the ſupereminent Dignity of the Holy Scriptures above all Human Writings.

† *Herbert*'s Sacred Poems.

Which reaſons juſtly, Its own Thoughts o'er-rules,
And Fancy's Fire with Judgment's Temper cools;
By Sciences brings hidden Truths to Light:
Some Knowledge gains; but, with freſh Appetite,
Unſatisfy'd, for more ſtill thirſts, and pants,
Knowing, the more It has, how much It wants;
Was by th' Almighty's Wiſdom for no End
Deſign'd, but here a ſad ſhort Life to ſpend;
Only to trifle ſev'nty Years away
In this frail Fleſh, this Tenement of Clay,
In Doubt, in Fear, in Sorrow, in Deſpair,
Then ceaſe to be, and vaniſh into Air?
While various Species of th' inferior, brute
Creation, void of Reaſon, prone, and mute,
Beaſts, Fiſhes, Birds, ev'n Vegetables, Trees,
The Oak, the Yew, and other Things like Theſe,
Senſeleſs, inanimate, whole Ages laſt,
After our longeſt Term of Days is paſt?
Should One in Pow'rs mechanick moſt expert
The utmoſt Efforts of his Skill exert,
Some curious, delicate Machine to frame,
Surpaſſing all his other Works of Fame;
Yet ſo contriv'd, that one revolving Sun
Should ſee This mighty Doing quite undone;

The

The Wheels, and Springs ſtand ſtill, and made to ſtand,
Fix'd, diſobedient to the Mover's Hand;
Or, burſting, into Diſſolution fly,
And all diſpers'd in uſeleſs Fragments lie:
Would'ſt thou not ſay that, after ſuch Expenſe
Of Art, the Artiſt wanted Common Senſe?
And ſhall Eternal Wiſdom be impeach'd
Of Folly, which no Mortal Fool e'er reach'd?
But oh! a *Spirit!* Who That Word can hear,
And form an Image *adequate*, and *clear*,
Join'd to the *Sound?* Why; frankly I confeſs,
I never *ſaw* a Spirit's Shape, or Dreſs.
Is there None therefore? Is, I aſk, to Thee
This Reas'ning juſt, Nought *is*, but what I *ſee?*
No; But of Spirit, Thou wilt ſtrait reply,
Thou canſt form no *Idea:* So can I.
What? *Subſtance* without *Figure?* Yes; Why Not?
Inſtead of *Figure*, 'tis endu'd with *Thought*.
Can *Matter* think? Thy ſelf wilt ſure diſown
A thinking Piece of Timber, or of Stone.

Ver. 267. *Can* Matter *think?*] By *Matter*, or *Body*, in Philoſophy, is meant every thing that can be the Object of any of our Senſes, has Extenſion, Parts ſeparable from one another, *&c.* in ſhort every thing but *Spirit*. Thus, Fleſh, Wood, Stone, Gold, Water, *&c.* are *Matter*, or *Body*.

A thinking Piece of Fleſh is juſt the ſame:
Of Neither any Notion can we frame.
That God's a Spirit, is a Truth moſt bright;
For *Body* never can be *infinite*.
If then *one* Spirit; why not Millions more?
But granting there were None; Thy ſelf explore:
Thou art a *Man*; Thou think'ſt; Thy active Mind
Can by no Bounds in Thinking be confin'd.
And can it e'er in Reaſon be conceiv'd,
Ev'n by an Infidel's large Faith believ'd,
That ſuch a Subſtance, call it what thou liſt,
Body, or Soul, was made but to exiſt
For ſev'nty Years, ſo very ſmall a Space;
And then in Being have no more a Place?
Thou find'ſt thy ſelf accountable Elſewhere
For what thou do'ſt, and how thou ſuffer'ſt Here;
Conſcious of Praiſe, and Shame, of Good, and Ill,
Lord of thy ev'ry Action, free in Will;
Fit or for Heav'ns Reward, or vengeful Rod;
For ſure a DEIST's *Name* muſt own a GOD.

And

VER. 272. *Body* ——— *infinite.*] Every *Body*, or Parcel of *Matter*, of what Extent ſoever, muſt have *ſome Bounds*; becauſe it muſt have a *Surface*.

VER. 278. *An Infidel's large Faith.*] An *Infidel* (however oddly it may ſound) is the moſt *credulous* Wretch in Nature. Of which innumerable Inſtances have been given by our Divines.

And of *Hereafter*'s Woe, and Bliſs in ſtore,
Reaſon ſpeaks much, but Revelation more.
That makes it probable; moſt certain, *This*:
Be it that Nothing then but Matter *is*;
Matter, and *Motion* —— Words you ſo much love:
To Thee what Conſolation will it prove,
When damn'd in Hell, that, bound in fiery Chains,
'Tis Nought but *Matter mov'd* that ſuffers *endleſs Pains*?

Meditate then on Death to all decreed,
And both Eternitys which muſt ſucceed.
Eternity! Immenſe, vaſt, boundleſs Sea!
How are our Thoughts, tho' unconfin'd, and free,
Confounded, loſt, and ſwallow'd up in Thee!
Forever! Never! Words of mighty Weight!
Whene'er we muſe on either future State!
'Tis all an endleſs, infinite Abyſs;
Whether we think on Miſery, or Bliſs:
Added to Heav'n itſelf it turns our Brain,
And makes ev'n Happineſs almoſt a Pain:
Yet 'twould be Pain indeed, did we poſſeſs
That Happineſs, to think it e'er could ceaſe.
But O! What Words—What Thoughts—Eternal Woe!
What? Never end? No, Never. Mortal, ſhow

Thyſelf

Thyſelf a Man; Conſider, and be Wiſe;
Fear, tremble at the Death that never dies;
The ſecond Death—* "O Spare us, King of Heav'n;
"To Us repentant be Thy Pardon giv'n:
"Tho' for our Sins Thou juſtly art diſpleas'd,
"By our Repentance be Thy Wrath appeas'd:
"Moſt worthy Judge Eternal, hear our Pray'r;
"O Lord moſt Holy, God moſt Mighty, ſpare
"Thy ſuppliant Servants: Thou (in Thee we truſt)
"Art Merciful, Great God, as well as Juſt:
"Suffer us not, whate'er Thy Will decree,
"For any Pains of Death to fall from Thee."
On This allotted Time, which ſoon muſt end,
Th' Eternitys of Woe and Bliſs depend.
That Life is vain, and ſhort, we much complain;
Muſt we then make it ſhorter, and more vain?
'Tis ſhort indeed, ſcarce worthy our Regard;
If with Eternity it be compar'd.
Yet Life ſufficient is by bounteous Heav'n
For all the Purpoſes of Living giv'n;
For Here, and for Hereafter——If too ſcant
It prove, Ourſelves alone have made That Want.

Life

* Office for *The Burial of the Dead.*

Life is no farther liv'd, than well employ'd;
The reſt is Death; at beſt a Chaſm, and Void.
Then give Thyſelf long Life, unthinking Man;
By virtuous Induſtry extend thy Span.
Can'ſt thou be ignorant, that Some live more
In twenty Years, than Others in fourſcore?
Time, ſullen Thou complaineſt, flys too faſt:
Why ſo impatient then to have it paſt?
Suppoſe one fix its Fleetneſs——See, It ſtands——
But lies it not a dead Weight on thy Hands?
Ev'n as it flys, thou trifleſt it away
In Viſits, Dreſs, Impertinence, and Play;
So diligently idle —— Better far
Thoſe Hours were ſpent in Thought, in Books, and Pray'r:
Yet better they were ſpent in Sloth, than Vice;
In Indolence, than Drink, and Luſt, and Dice.
But I retract —— For Sloth we juſtly call
One Vice; And Mis'ry's the Reſult of *All*.
Of this rich Talent *Time*, its Term expir'd,
A ſtrict Account will be by Heav'n requir'd:
Be Thou a Niggard of thy Hours, and Days;
This only Avarice can merit Praiſe.
Who meditates on Death with wiſe Forethought,
Will uſe This World as tho' he us'd it not;

VER. 357. *Uſe this World*, &c.] 1 Cor. vii 31. *Uſing this*

Regard Heav'n as his Home, and fix'd Abode,
This World but as an Inn upon the Road.
Another walking with Turmoil and Pain,
In a vain Shadow, tires himſelf in vain.
Why ſhould we Covet what ſo ſoon we Leave?
Why Truſt in That which ſurely will Deceive?
Why ſhould'ſt thou Wealth amaſs? O, 'twill be ſaid
The Man *dy'd Rich*; That's Glory, when he's dead.
Dy'd Rich? What Soleciſm! Words Thus conjoin'd?
Riches, and *Death?* O Madneſs of Mankind!
Would ſtrong Temptations thee to Vice enthrall
By Pain, or Pleaſure? To thy Succour call
DEATH, and ETERNITY—That Thought diſarms
Pain of its Terrors, Pleaſure of its Charms.
DEATH and ETERNITY! The Tyrant raves
Unheeded; Beauty makes no Fools, and Slaves.
Whate'er affects thee, be it Good, or Ill;
DEATH, and ETERNITY will triumph ſtill.
To gilded Courts, and Palaces repair;
Splendor and Vice enough will meet thee There.

DEATH,

World, as not abuſing it. As well if not better, render'd; *Uſing, as not* uſing *it.*

VER. 360, 361. *Walking* —— *In a vain Shadow,* &c.] Pſalm. xxxix. 6.

DEATH and ETERNITY! Thoſe Words repeat:
Seeſt thou not how the Glories of the Great
Shrink into Nothing? Ev'n if There thou find
Goodneſs (how ſeldom ſeen!) with Greatneſs join'd.
But if 'tis the Reverſe; If Luſt, and Pride,
And Avarice, and Folly, There preſide,
And govern All; If there a People's Fate
Hangs on one huge, enormous Tool of State,
Studious to make, by all vile Arts profeſt,
Of One a Tyrant, Vaſſals of the Reſt;
DEATH, and ETERNITY! Does not That Sound
Their Wealth, and worthleſs Inſolence confound?
The Star upon their Breaſts no longer gleams;
Their Ribbands tarniſh, Diamonds loſe their Beams:
Swift vaniſhes their Pomp, their only Fame;
As Demons fade at JESUS' dreaded Name.
They die; and ſo do We: The Farce is o'er:
Th' Oppreſſors frown, th' Oppreſs'd complain no more:
All in the ſame dull Track no longer run:
Thoſe to undoe, and Theſe to be undone.
Envy'ſt thou Thoſe Their Lot compar'd with Thine?
Fret not thyſelf, nor at their Grandeur pine:

VER. 399, 400. *Fret not thyſelf,——Soon ſhall they be,* &c.] Pſalm. xxxvii. 1, 2.

Soon ſhall they be cut down, like rankeſt Weeds
Wither, and rot —— And Then oh! What ſucceeds?
In *Us* it is not to foredoom their Fate;
But let THEM think, and tremble, e'er too late.
By the ſame prudent Turn and Caſt of Thought,
Life's various Ills, and Troubles ſhrink to Nought.
Grief Here indeed, and Toil we undergo;
But what is That to Everlaſting Woe?
What is it, with Eternity compar'd?
The Sinner's Puniſhment, the Saint's Reward?
Think, Sinner, that thou may'ſt not perſevere,
How much more Pain is felt in Hell than Here.
Think, Saint, thy Preſervation to ſecure,
How Heav'n o'erpays what we on Earth endure.
This ſhort imperfect State to all Mankind
For Nothing, but Probation, was deſign'd;
Pleaſure and Pain were only meant to prove,
Whether This World, or God, we chiefly love.
O Death! Thou certain Cure of human Ills;
Why, tho' thy lifted Dart with Terror fills
The Guilty Mortal, ſhould the Good, and Wiſe
Fear Thee, when He's not happy 'till he dies?
Great Leveller! By Thee the King, the Slave,
The Poor, the Rich, the Coward, and the Brave,

The Wiſe, the Fool, the Wicked, and the Juſt,
Are equal'd All——How equall'd?——In the Duſt;
Not otherwiſe: Beyond This ſhort Life's End
Thy Pow'r of Levelling cannot extend.
Souls are diſtinguiſh'd, as They ever live;
And Vice, and Vertue, That Diſtinction give:
In That great Diff'rence Fortune has no ſhare;
Fortune, which makes ſo great a Diff'rence Here.
The Wealthy may be wretched, bleſt the Poor;
Yet let not *Theſe* preſume, or be ſecure:
Let not by Them, thro' Poverty's vain Pride,
The ſacred Parable * be miſapply'd:
Millions of Beggars may be doom'd to Hell,
And many Rich in ABRAHAM's Boſom dwell.
The Wiſe, and Good, however, certain Bliſs
In the next Life awaits; and ev'n of This
The Pains and Labours ſoon by Death muſt end:
Why ſhould They then fear Death their healing Friend?
No Troubles in the ſilent Grave moleſt:
The Pris'ner's free, the Weary are at Reſt.
Releas'd from This vain World, which always lies
Immers'd in Folly, Miſery, and Vice,

* That of DIVES, and LAZARUS.

We there repoſe: Our Toils for ever ceaſe:
And Knaves, and Fools no more diſturb our Peace:
Chiefly That mingled Maſs of Fools, and Knaves,
Who *might* have Liberty, but *will* be Slaves;
Who, ſtedfaſt to tranſgreſs right Reaſon's Rules,
In ſpight of wiſeſt Counſels *will* be Fools.
Let Kings, their mighty Madneſs to diſplay,
As if of Human Race were none but They,
Or They above it, rouſe War's dire Alarms,
And plague the miſerable World with Arms;
Spread Slaughter, Fire, and Ravage, all around,
And Land, and Sea, and Right, and Wrong confound;
With frightful Sieges Towns and Cities ſhake:
We ſhall not hear the diſmal Din they make;
Thoſe Peſts of Human Kind——But here forbears
The ſerious Muſe——What Portion ſhall be Theirs,
Her preſent Theme directs her not to tell;
She Elſewhere ſings of JUDGMENT, and of HELL.
Happy indeed the Prince, who Reigns to Bleſs;
And is Himſelf a Nation's Happineſs.
Yet Death muſt not be Wiſh'd: Contented wait
For thy Diſcharge; whatever be thy Fate.
Some, merely thro' Satiety of Life,
Have long'd to die; Some, tir'd with Care and Strife.

All

All This is Folly; nor without a Crime:
Covet not Heav'n itſelf, before Heav'n's Time.
'Twas great ELIJAH's Blemiſh, not his Praiſe,
That he requeſted God to end his Days:
But was This granted? Came Death at his Call?
Far otherwiſe, he never dy'd at all.
Tho' Frailty mingled with his human Frame;
Yet, ſuch his Piety's celeſtial Flame,
He only (One except) was from to die
Exempt, and * *went not downwards to the Sky.*
With Steeds and Chariot fiery like his Zeal,
(This, Nought, as Thoſe, could repreſent ſo well)
Rapt in a Whirlwind, thro' the Starry Spheres
He rides triumphant; After that, appears
Many long Ages after, to recount
Wonders unhear'd, on *Tabor*'s holy Mount,
With his effulgent Saviour——But what Views
Are open'd Here? Deſcend, my devious Muſe;
Deſcend, whatever Fires within thee glow,
From Heav'n, and *Tabor*, to this Earth below.

* COWLEY.

VER: 485. *On* Tabor's *holy Mount*, &c.] Matth. xvii. 1, 2, &c. Tho' *Tabor* is not mention'd; yet Tradition tells us it was *That* Mountain.

Whate'er Diſaſters, or Afflictions preſs;
We muſt not call on Death for our Releaſe.
Let PATIENCE have her perfect Work; controul
Each Murm'ring Thought; and calm the ruffled Soul.
In God's ſight PATIENCE is of mighty Price;
No Vertue ſhines more lovely in his Eyes.
But whether more, or leſs, there's Cauſe to grieve;
There's Cauſe abundant we ſhould wiſh to live:
T' adorn the Province Here to Us aſſign'd;
To benefit our Friends, and all Mankind:
To mourn our Sins, our Graces to improve,
To flame, like Seraphim, in Zeal and Love:
To gain in Heav'n a more ſublime Reward:
Ah! None for Heav'n can be too well prepar'd.
Be it Thy conſtant Pray'r, and ſo pray I;
"Let me live long, to be more fit to die."
However; None muſt wiſh his *Poſt* to leave,
Till his *Diſcharge* he from his CHIEF receive:
Let him be always ready to reſign,
When he is call'd; Yet not, meanwhile, repine;
But, as commanded, chearfully obey.
How deſp'rate then, how loſt, forlorn are They,
Who by Self-Homicide! —— Oh dreadful! dire!
Such horrid Thoughts what Demon could inſpire?

For

For Them what Hope can after Death be had,
Who, dying, God's Prerogative invade?
Whoſe Death itſelf is Sin? He who gave Breath
To All, has only Right to give them Death.
Ev'n holy Job, of Mortals moſt diſtreſt,
Tho' firſt extremeſt Anguiſh he expreſs'd;
Curs'd the unhappy Day that gave him Birth,
And like hid Treaſure ſought to mix with Earth;
More cooly thinking, Thus retracts his Crime:
" All, all the Days of my appointed Time,
" Humbly reſign'd, I will expect my Doom;
" And wait with Patience, 'till my Change ſhall come."
Die to the World, while living: Thoughts divine
Ev'n Here will Soul and Body half disjoin;
So ſhall Thoſe Friends with leſs Reluctance part,
When in its laſt Convulſions heaves the Heart.
He who unwinds himſelf by juſt degrees
From Life, dies eaſily: As *looſen'd* Trees
Fall gently by a Storm, and ne'er beſtrew
With broken Limbs the Ground on which they grew.
Thoſe Vertuous err, who, while they think on Death,
Nothing but Gloomineſs, and Horrour breathe;

To

VER. 523. *All the Days*, &c.] Job. xiv. 14.

To bleſt Religion's Wrong and foul Diſgrace,
Draw a black Veil o'er Nature's lovely Face;
To moaping Melancholy quite reſign'd,
And diſmal all in Body, and in Mind.
Wiſe, and prepar'd to die, we, while we live,
Enjoy Life moſt, and all that Life can give.
Our Conſcience quiet, our Accounts wrote fair,
With more Delight we breathe the Spring's freſh Air;
Hear warbling Birds extend their little Throats,
To glad the Ear with Nature's eaſieſt Notes,
Inviting Us with Them our Strains to raiſe,
And celebrate the great Creator's Praiſe;
With more Delight hear PHILOMEL's ſoft Moans,
And cryſtal Rills roll gurgling o'er the Stones;
With greater Pleaſure ſee the cluſt'ring Vine
In Ringlets curl, and ſwell with promis'd Wine;
(Let Wine be temperately us'd by All;
The Thoughts of Death its Reliſh will not pall:)
See the Carnation its ſweet Pride diſplay,
Streaking its Leaves with various Colours gay;
More pleas'd ſee all the Flow'r's that pleaſe the Eye;
And ſmiling ſigh, that We, like Them, muſt Die.
Rejoice, O Young Man, in thy Youth; Rejoice,
But ſtill with Innocence: Hear Nature's Voice,

But

VER. 558: *Rejoice, O Young Man,* &c.] Eccleſ. xi. 9.

But Nature uncorrupt: Her Law obey,
As ſubject to Reveal'd Religion's Sway.
And That (ſo good, and bounteous is thy Lord)
Will much more ſolid Joy, than Vice, afford:
Only thy ſinful Appetites reſtrain;
The Thought of Death will never give thee Pain.
'Tis Pain indeed to curb Thoſe ſtrong Deſires;
But greater far to burn in endleſs Fires.
How will That Pain by Heav'n be overpay'd!
By everlaſting Happineſs outweigh'd!
Nor be thy Soul beguil'd of Heav'n's Reward,
By preſent, as with future Things compar'd.
From a falſe Eſtimate 'twixt future Things,
And preſent, Folly, Vice, and Mis'ry ſprings.
Of *Future* Then we form a Notion juſt,
(And to be bleſt, conceive it right we muſt)
When with the Eye of Thought, and Faith we ſee
What *is not yet*, but *will moſt ſurely be.*
What's *future* then is *certain*; Bliſs, or Woe:
And Both, as *future*, are *eternal* too.
Examine well thy *preſent moral* State;
On that depends thy *future endleſs* Fate.
If vicious it be found; cloſe not thine Eyes,
E'er thou Repent, Reform, be Good, and Wiſe.

This

This very preſent Hour may prove thy laſt;
And Then all Hope, and Remedy is paſt.
In fine: Let Death from Vice and Sin deter:
The grand Reſult of All determines There.
In ev'ry Storm, thy Safety to enſure,
Thoſe two great Anchors of the Soul ſecure,
FAITH, and REPENTANCE: Firm ſupports are they;
When ev'ry other fancy'd Prop, and Stay,
The more thou leaneſt, ſinks, and ſlides away.
Think often, in thy Days of Youth, and Health,
Midſt flatt'ring Joys, Proſperity, and Wealth,
And when with Fortune's various Troubles croſt,
What Thoughts *in Death* will *pleaſe*, or *grieve* thee moſt.
More to be valued, as thou Then wilt rate,
Is a good Conſcience, than a good Eſtate.
More terrible is Guilt's envenom'd Smart,
Than all the Pangs that wring the dying Heart.
Sin brought forth Death; Death lives by Sin alone;
The God-Man Saviour ſlew Death by his Own:
Sin too He ſlew: Yet Both may be reviv'd
By Us; tho' He for Us both dy'd, and liv'd.

Death

VER. 601. *Sin brought forth Death.*] James i. 15.
VER. 602. *The——Saviour ſlew Death.*] 1 Cor. xv. 54. Hoſ. xii. 14.
VER. 603. *Sin too He ſlew.*] 1 Joh. iii. 8.

Death is by Him of Pow'r and Sting diſarm'd;
Nought in itſelf, but a vain Fantom arm'd;
An impotent, tho' black, and hideous, Thing:
But Think, Oh! Think; Sin ſtill gives Death a Sting.

VER. 608. *Sin——gives Death a Sting.*] 1 Cor. xv. 56.

PART II.

JUDGMENT.

The ARGUMENT.

THE Terror of the laſt great Day, and the awful Appearance of the Judge, mention'd, and paſs'd over for the preſent, ver. 1, &c. *The time of it Unknown. But the Thing itſelf clearly reveal'd in Scripture*, ver. 27, &c. *Proofs of a future Judgment even from natural Reaſon. From the eſſential Difference betwixt moral Good, and Evil*, ver. 33, &c. *From natural Conſcience. From Providence in This World*, ver. 59, &c. *From the Nature of God conſidered as a Lawgiver*, ver. 78, &c. *From the promiſcuous Diſpenſations of Things in This Life*, ver. 92, &c. *The dreadful Signs, and Prognoſticks previous to the Day of Judgment*, ver. 102, &c. *Our Saviour's blended Predictions concerning the Deſtruction of* Jeruſalem, *and the Day of Judgment; They having plainly a View to Both*, ver. 143, &c. *The Coming of the Judge. General Reflections upon the Awfulneſs and Dread of it*, ver. 173, &c. *The Reſurrection*, ver. 201, &c. *The more diſtinct Appearance of the Judge. His Glory, and Majeſty*, ver. 229, &c. *The general Conflagration*, ver. 268, &c. *The Summons to Judgment. The Judgment itſelf*, ver. 317, &c. *The Account of the Good Steward*, ver. 341, &c. *The Judge's Speech before Sentence. The Sentence itſelf*, ver. 452, &c. *More particularly upon Infidel Apoſtates from Chriſtianity*, ver. 523, &c. *The Concluſion, with Practical Reflections*, ver. 577, &c.

PART II.

JUDGMENT.

O THOU Eternal! (Hallow'd, wond'rous Name!)
Whoſe fruitful Word gave Birth to Nature's Frame;
Our only Hope, yet our Conſuming Fire;
Mighty to Save, yet Terrible in Ire:
Who can abide That great, That fearful Day,
When Thou, as JUDGE, Thy Glory ſhalt diſplay?
When all Things in Confuſion ſhall be hurl'd,
And Wreaths of Smoke involve the flaming World?
When from Thy red Right-hand *new* Lightnings fly;
And unfix'd Orbs ruſh clatt'ring thro' the Sky?
The Univerſal Maſs, from Pole to Pole,
Burnt up, and ſhrivel'd, like a Parchment Scrole?
In vain for Help ſhall then the Guilty call;
" Hide us, Ye Hills, Ye Mountains, on us fall: "

VER. 3. *Conſuming Fire.*] Heb. xii. laſt VER.
VER. 4. *Mighty to ſave.*] Iſai. lxiii. 1.
VER. 5. *Who can abide that great*, &c.] Joel ii. 11.
VER. 12. *Burnt up* ——— *Scrole.*] Rev. vi. 14.
VER. 14. *Hide us, Ye Hills*, &c.] Luke xxiii. 30. Rev. vi. 16.

When with fierce fervent Heat, before ne'er felt,
Like Wax the Everlasting Hills shall melt
At Thy dread Presence; and the Mountains want,
Themselves, That Refuge they are ask'd to grant.
Behold, He comes with Clouds; and ev'ry Eye
Shall see Him in resplendent Majesty:
Ev'n Those who pierc'd his Hands, his Feet, and Side,
Shall see Him in triumphant Brightness ride,
On Wings of Cherubs, and the bounding Wind;
Black Clouds his Chariot, Storms in Harness join'd;
The Just prepar'd to meet him in the Air,
And Conscious Sinners shiv'ring with Despair.
Of that great Day indeed, That Day, and Hour
Knows no Man; Not ev'n he th' Almighty Pow'r,
The awful Judge Himself, as Son of Man;
(As God, He all things *knows*, and all things *can*:)

When

Ver. 15. *Fervent Heat*, &c.] 2 Pet. iii. 10, 12.

Ver. 16. *Like Wax the everlasting Hills*, &c.] Psal. xcvii. 5. Hab. iii. 6.

Ver. 19, 20, 21. *Behold, He comes with Clouds——Who pierc'd*, &c.] Rev. i. 7.

Ver. 23, 24. *On——Cherubs——On——Wind——Clouds his Chariot——*] Psal. xviii. Psal. civ.

Ver. 25. *Meet him in the Air.*] 1 Thes. iv. 17.

Ver. 27, 28, 29. *Of that great Day—— Son of Man.*] Mark xiii. 32.

When it will come, in Darkneſs is conceal'd;
But come it *will*; That clearly is reveal'd.
Or were it not; that God, moſt juſt, and wiſe,
Will judge the World, crown Vertue, puniſh Vice,
Reward his Faithful, and confound the Proud,
Reaſon aſſerts, and Nature cries aloud.
Th' *eſſential Difference* 'twixt *Moral Good*,
And *Evil*, muſt by all be underſtood:
Who e'er was found ſo Savage, and ſo Brute,
As *Their* aſſur'd *Exiſtence* to diſpute?
What Man, unleſs of Reaſon quite bereft,
Can doubt that Murder, Fraud, Adult'ry, Theft,
To be unmann'd by Drunkenneſs, and Luſt,
To be Profane, Oppreſſive, and Unjuſt,
Are abſolutely Evil? That to theſe
The oppoſite, endearing Qualities,
Sweet Meekneſs, Charity, to have a Taſte
For Heav'n on Earth, to be Juſt, Pious, Chaſte,
Are *abſolutely Good?* This Senſe of Things
From Nature, and Eternal Reaſon ſprings:
'Tis mix'd, congenial, with the Minds of All;
'Tis *Univerſal*; therefore *Natural*;
Therefore *from God*; and therefore muſt be *True*.
And what can from This Good, and Ill enſue,

But Puniſhment to This, to That Reward?
Both therefore are by God, the Judge, prepar'd,
Reward to Vertue, Puniſhment aſſign'd
To Vice, can ev'n in Thought be ne'er disjoin'd.
No leſs does *Conſcience* This great Truth atteſt;
Conſcience, Heav'n's Delegate in ev'ry Breaſt:
By *Heav'n*, not *Prieſts*, and *Stateſmen*, planted There;
Since *Univerſal* is This Hope, and Fear;
Common to All, the Learned, and the Rude;
By the moſt Stupid to be underſtood;
By no Philoſophy to be ſubdu'd.
What then does Conſcience, but anticipate
A future Judgment, and a future State?
Future; For Conſcience frights us, or applauds,
Conſoles us, or with Stings, vindictive, goads;
For Actions which Ourſelves can only know,
When Nought is fear'd, or hop'd for, Here below.

That God of Man takes providential Care,
From Propheſies and Miracles is clear.
That ſuch have been, 'tis Frenzy to deny;
And makes all Hiſtory one ſtanding Lye.
Shall Heav'n then for Mankind have ſuch Regard;
And yet their Deeds nor Puniſh, nor Reward?

As Lawgiver He muſt: All Laws are vain,
Unleſs enforc'd with Pleaſure, and with Pain.
But 'tis experienc'd, if This World be All,
His Laws have no ſuch Guard: To ſtand, or fall,
To be moſt Proſperous, or moſt Diſtreſs'd,
Is common to the Worſt, and to the Beſt.
From hence 'tis prov'd we muſt to Judgment riſe;
Or God, in Legiſlature, is not Wiſe.
No, Thou reply'ſt: 'Tis fit Mankind ſhould *dread*
Vengeance impending o'er each guilty Head;
That Heav'n ſhould *threaten* — Not in fact *condemn* —
But wilt thou Thus preſumptuouſly blaſpheme,
That God can with a Falſhood guard his Law;
And Truth itſelf ſpeak Lyes, to keep the World in awe?
How oft is Vertue in this Life decry'd;
While Vice and Villany Triumphant ride?
A Time will therefore come, when Vertue crown'd
Shall triumph, Juſtice Villany confound;
All Things be ſet in their due, proper Light;
And the great Judge of all the World do Right.
It muſt be ſo then, God will judge Mankind;
The Dead ſhall riſe, the ſcatter'd Parts rejoin'd
In human Bodys; This fair Frame muſt burn,
And Earth's vaſt Globe to Smoke and Aſhes turn.

But firſt, with ſolemn Tragick Pomp, and State,
To introduce This laſt great Scene of Fate;
Dire, horrible Prognoſticks ſhall appear.
For more, perhaps, than one preceding Year,
(To God alone 'tis known how long Before,
Theſe Signs ſhall come; Enquire not, but Adore:)
Earthquakes in various Climates ſhall abound,
And Subterraneous Thunder rend the Ground.
The Earth its Diſſolution to foreſhow,
Shall ſtagger, like a Drunkard, to and fro:
Cracking, and craſhing, with a dreadful Shock,
And bellowing Noiſe, the Mountains reel, and rock;
Great *Atlas*, whoſe high Top thick Darkneſs ſhrouds,
And *Teneriff*, a League above the Clouds,
Th' unbounded *Alps*, That endleſs Chain of Hills,
Alps pil'd on *Alps*, ſpoil'd of their living Rills
Dry'd up, and ſtrip'd of their eternal Snow,
Roll rattling Fragments to their Feet below,
Immeaſurable Loads of maſſy Stone;
Nod their ſtiff Heads, and in Convulſions groan.
Flames wreath'd with Smoke from burſt Volcanos riſe,
And hurl their melted Bowels to the Skies:

Ev'n

VER. 108. to VER. 142. *Earthquakes in various Climates——ſaddens Day.*] Matth. xxiv. Mark xiii. Luke xxi.

VER. 110, 111. *The Earth——Shall ſtagger like a Drunkard.*] Iſai. xxiv. 20.

Ev'n in the Ocean, from their loweſt Caves,
They rage, and boil with Fire its bubbling Waves.
Loud roar the Seas; Thro' Nature Terrors ſpread;
And Mortals Hearts o'er all the World with Dread
Sink ſhudd'ring, and appal'd. With hideous Glare,
Till now unſeen, *ſtrange* Lightnings whiz in Air;
Lightnings, which lanc'd thro' cloudleſs Skys ſhall blaze,
And without Thunder terribly amaze.
Thick Meteors, blue, and red, with diſmal Light
Shall trail along, and wound the Gloom of Night;
The Pow'rs Celeſtial ſhake, Stars ſhooting fall
Sudden from Heav'n, and ſinge This frighted Ball.
Comets, which thro' th' Infinity of Space
Have, Ages, roam'd, now meeting in one Place
(So God ordains) unite their baleful Streams,
And at each other ſhoot their fiery Gleams.
The Moon withdraws her pale nocturnal Ray;
The Sun, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n, in deep Diſmay,
Hangs like a Lump of Blood, and ſaddens Day.

In Words like Theſe, Himſelf, the Judge to come,
Foretold *Jeruſalem*'s approaching Doom,

VER. 143. &c. *In Words like Theſe*, &c.] Nothing can be more plain than that in thoſe Predictions, *Matth.* xxiv. *Mark.* xiii. *Luke* xxi. our Saviour had a View both to the Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*,

But ſo is the divine Prediction caſt;
That in *Jeruſalem*'s, already paſt,
We read the World's, all Nature's future End:
Thus double Senſes Truths ſublimeſt blend.
So Notes in Muſick make with grateful Tone
Harmonious Mixture of Two Sounds in One.
Adorable Obſcurity! yet clear
To Thoſe, who ſearch with Judgment, and with Fear,
The Fear of God——In falling Stars He ſings
The falling Pow'rs of Empires, States, and Kings:
"How art Thou fall'n from Heav'n, O LUCIFER,
"Son of the Morn! Thou once bright Orient Star!"
So ſings the Noble Prophet to foreſhow
The *Babylonian* Tyrant's Pride laid low.
"The Son of Man, in That tremendous Hour,
"Shall Come in Clouds, with Glory, and with Pow'r."
That Coming mark'd his Vengeance on his Foes,
The *Jews*; Thoſe Clouds, his Terrors and their Woes.
Yet was not That his *only* Point in View;
The *World* no leſs is threaten'd, than the *Jew*,

In

Jeruſalem, and the End of the World; the One being a Type of the Other. Some Paſſages mean the Firſt; ſome the Second; and ſome Both. This is partly prov'd, even Here in Verſe. Much more might be ſaid; but This is not a Place for it.

VER. 155, 156. *How art thou fall'n*, &c.] Iſai. xiv. 12.

n the ſame Phraſe with diff'rent Meanings fraught;
O Energy Divine! tranſcending mortal Thought!
Thoſe awful Words at length muſt be reſolv'd
nto the World's laſt Fate in them involv'd.
Huge Balls of Fire, like Stars, ſhall drop from Heav'n:
The JUDGE, attended by his glorious Sev'n,
And other numberleſs Angelick Forms,
Shall come with Clouds, in Whirlwinds, and in Storms.
Lo! He appears: As Lightning from the Eaſt
Darted, ſhines inſtantaneous in the Weſt;
Sudden He comes. A Mighty Seraph dread
Deſcends from Heav'n; a Rainbow round his Head;
Pillars of Fire his Feet, his Face a Sun;
Sev'n Thunders, e'er He ſpeaks, his Voice forerun.
This Foot on Sea he fixes, That on Land:
And lifting high to Heav'n his ample Hand,
" By the Eternal God Three-One I ſwear,
" By whoſe omnific *Fiat* all Things are;

" 'Tis

VER. 170. *Glorious Seven.*] Mention is made, in ſeveral Places of Scripture, of *ſeven Angels* in particular, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt. Thus in the *Revelation*, the *ſeven* Angels with *Trumpets*; and with *Vials*. And *Tobit* xii. 15. *I am Raphael, one of the Seven holy Angels.*

VER. 173. *As Lightning from the Eaſt*, &c.] Matth. xxiv. &c.

VER. 175. *&c. A mighty Seraph*, &c.] Rev. x. 1. *&c.*

" 'Tis paſt; 'Tis finiſh'd; Time ſhall be no more."
He ceaſes: The ſev'n Thunders, cloſing, roar.
But Oh! That laſt, That glorious, dreadful Scene,
Amazement ev'n of Angels, more of Men,
What Tongue of Man, or Angel can expreſs?
Striving to make it great, we make it leſs.
What we with Truth infallible believe,
No Words can utter, and no Thoughts conceive.
See God upon his Throne in Judgment ſit!
The Univerſe in Flames beneath his Feet!
O Thou, our Judge Supreme (we truſt in Thee)
Grant that with Joy That Glory we may ſee,
Which to deſcribe our utmoſt Strength is faint;
Nor feel thoſe Terrors which we cannot paint.
The op'ning Heav'ns, in ſilent Dead of Night,
Firſt ſhew an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs of Light;
Which far outſhines the Sun's meridian Rays:
All Human Kind at once upon it gaze,
Aſtoniſh'd, tho' forewarn'd. The Trumpet's Sound
Pierces the inmoſt Solid of the Ground,
And echoes to the Centre. Strait the Earth
Yields up its Dead to this new ſecond Birth:
The Sea too yields up Thoſe from ev'ry Wave,
Who in its Boſom found a liquid Grave.

From

From ev'ry Part of Earth, and Sea, and Air,
The marſhal'd Atoms orderly repair,
To form the Bodies they at firſt compos'd;
The kindred Souls re-enter. Undiſcles'd
Is the great Myſtery *How* This is wrought:
But Pow'r Divine ſurpaſſes human Thought.
Aſk not the *Manner* of This Riſing State:
He ſurely can *reſtore*, who could *create*.
The Saints who ſleep in Chriſt ſhall firſt revive;
They, and the Saints who Then are found alive,
With Children white in ſpotleſs Innocence,
By Guardian Angels ſhall be ſnatch'd from hence,
Eſcape the gen'ral Fire, and never die,
Caught up to meet their Saviour in the Sky:
There ſtand before Him, in bright Order rang'd;
All ſhall not Sleep, but all muſt needs be Chang'd;
Immortal, and Incorruptible made;
The Good for Happineſs, for Pains the Bad.
Theſe, ev'n while ſtanding at the Judgment-Seat,
Shall feel the Conflagration's ſcorching Heat;

Shriek

VER. 215.——220. *The Saints who Sleep*, &c. *Caught up*, &c.] 1 Theſ. iv. 16, 17.
VER. 222. *All ſhall not ſleep*, &c.] 1 Cor. xv. 51.

Shriek in the World's laſt flaming Fun'ral Pyre,
And paſs from Earth's to Hell's tremendous Fire.
All now or Ris'n, or Chang'd, the Bad, the Good:
Again the Trumpet ſounds; Well underſtood
By God's bright Hoſt: Who from That Maſs of Light
Firſt indiſtinct, now open to the Sight,
In radiant Files ſtand rank'd their dazling Lines;
Full in their Front the great MESSIAH ſhines:
Yet ſo, that He in part his Glory ſhrouds
With thickeſt Darkneſs, and a Night of Clouds.
Inſufferable Splendor, circling Beams
Dart from his Head, and ſhoot in pointed Streams.
Ineffably Divine, with mingled Grace
Mercy and Juſtice ſtriving in his Face,
Awful he ſits on his Tribunal high;
The *Croſſe* expanded reddens Half the Sky:
That Banner from the ſilver Staff unfurl'd,
Floats, wav'd by Cherubs, o'er the trembling World.
All Eyes are fix'd on HIM, on HIM alone:
Tho' Thouſand Thouſand Angels round his Throne
Miniſter duteous; and on either Hand
Ten Thouſand times Ten Thouſand near Him ſtand.

And

VER. 246.——248. *Thouſand*——*Ten Thouſand*——&c.]
Dan. vii. 10. Rev. v. 11.

And is This He, on *Calvary* who dy'd?
He, who for Milk in *Bethlem*'s Stable cry'd?
Yes, Unbelieving *Jew*; 'Tis He, the Same;
Who dy'd indeed, but from high Heav'n firſt came.
He, who, when Foxes in their Dens could reſt,
And ev'ry Bird of Air enjoy'd its Neſt,
Had No-where to repoſe his weary Head;
And, feeding Thouſands, was himſelf unfed.
But tremble Thou; who Nail'd him to the Tree,
Who pierc'd his Hands and Feet——Lo! This is He,
Who, after That curs'd Death, That humble Birth,
Ariſeth to ſhake terribly the Earth."
Now all in wond'ring Expectation gaze;
All Things diſpos'd to light the laſt great Blaze.
The Juſt, with Hopes exalted to the Height,
Lift up their Heads, and their Redemption wait.
Pale ſtand the Sinners, trembling, and aghaſt,
Fearing the Future, conſcious of the Paſt.
A ſolemn Pauſe, and Silence moſt profound
Enſues. At length th' ethereal Trumpet's Sound

Again

VER. 253, 254. *He, who, when Foxes,* &c.] Matth. viii. 20.
VER. 256. *And feeding—— unfed.*] He was not ſo probably, when He fed thoſe Thouſands: But he was often ſo at other Times.
VER. 260. *Ariſeth to ſhake,* &c.] Iſai. ii. 19, 21.

Again the infinite aſſembly wakes;
And Earth a third time to its Centre ſhakes.
A gen'ral Shout the Saints and Angels raiſe
(Millions of Millions!) to MESSIAH's Praiſe:
"Let God ariſe; and ſcatter'd be his Foes."
The yawning Caves their fuel'd Stores diſcloſe;
Exploded Thunders thro' the Welkin roll,
And forky Light'nings flaſh from Pole to Pole:
Pillars of ruddy Smoke obſcure the Sun;
And now the Wreck of Nature is begun.
The hideous Burſt of Cannon heard ſo far,
And all the loud-mouth'd Engin'ry of War,
When fierce BELLONA ſwells her brazen Voice,
Is deepeſt Silence to This dreadful Noiſe.
Diſgorging Sheets of Flame and molten Ore,
Ten Thouſand *Ætnas*, and *Veſuvios* roar.
Huge Globes of Fire drop piece-meal from the Skies,
And meet the Fires which from Volcanos riſe.
The blaſing Deluge hiſſes in the Floods,
Pours o'er the Plains, and thunders thro' the Woods.
Woods of immenſe Extent, of tall, tough Oak,
Which nor of Time, nor Light'ning, fear'd the Stroke,
Solid,

VER. 273. *Let God ariſe*, &c.] Pſal. lxviii. 1.

Solid, as if they never could decay,
Burnt like dry Shrubs, or Stubble, ſhrink away:
Leſs ſudden diſappears a Field of Corn,
When by the Wind the flying Flames are borne.
Th' exhauſted Rivers vaniſh with the Heat;
Volga, and *Indus*, and *Danubius*, great,
Ganges, *Euphrates*, *Nile*, deep, rapid, ſtrong,
Which rather Seas, than Rivers, foam along,
So many Ages fam'd, their Country's Boaſt,
Abſorp't, devour'd, are in a Moment loſt.
An *Univerſal Earthquake* rocks the Ball;
And Towns, and Cities in one Ruin fall.
Why name I Theſe, the trifling Works of Art,
And human Labour? See the Earth diſpart
Its riven Jaws: What Terror to behold
Metallick Torrents in red Billows roll'd!
Myriads of Sulph'rous Mines together ſprung,
And to the Stars vaſt rocky Fragments ſlung!
Vaſt Rocks, which could the Weight of Citys bear,
Like ſpongy Pumice Cinders, twirl'd in Air!
The Ocean, whether Continents, or Iſles
It waſhes, like a burning Cauldron boils:
Ev'n the great Deep, of Waters almoſt dry'd,
With Streams of liquid Metals is ſupply'd:

In

In the mid Sea thoſe livid Surges roar;
And falling Mountains rattle from the Shore.
Amidſt This wild Combuſtion, and the Cruſh
Of lab'ring Nature; while to Ruin ruſh
The warring Elements; All now prepar'd,
Once more the Trumpet's Clangor ſhrill is heard:
The Summons ſounds; "To Judgment All; Appear,
"Ye Sons of Men; your final Sentence hear."
The Books are open'd; Rang'd on either Hand,
Th' Accuſing, and Defending Angels ſtand:
Thoſe, fall'n, Apoſtate Angels, Fiends of Night —
Theſe, Sons of pureſt, and ethereal Light,
Benevolent to Man, would plead his Cauſe:
But ſtill from Thee, from Thee his Hope He draws,
Great SAVIOUR: Do not Now Thy Mercy grudge;
Be Thou our ADVOCATE, as well as JUDGE;
Or Oh! we periſh — Yet not Judge alone
Is He, tho' Chief: Aſſeſſors of his Throne,
Beſide him, and behind, and at his Feet,
The Noble Army of the Martyrs ſit;
Patriarchs, Apoſtles, Prophets; all That Hoſt,
Who for their Saviour did, and ſuffer'd moſt,

Now

VER. 323. *The Books are open'd.*] Dan. vii. 10. Rev. xx. 12.

Now with Himſelf (oh! how great Honour!) join'd
Sit on inferior Thrones, and judge Mankind.
The Reſt, in Vertue far beneath them, come
To take their Trial, and receive their Doom:
Of Such, as Repreſentative of All,
Imagine One, obedient to the Call,
Anſwering for Himſelf: Awhile He ſtands
Silent, and lifts to Heav'n his ſuppliant Hands;
Then bows before the Throne with bended Knees,
And renders his Account in Words like Theſe.
Thy Servant, Lord, e'er he prefers his *Plea*,
Urges Thy gracious *Pardon*. If from Thee
I have no Hope, in Judgment I am Caſt:
To be but *Object* of Thy *Pardon* paſs'd,
Is all the *Merit* I preſume to plead.
My Paſſions, and Infirmities miſled,
Oft I offended thro' Surprize, or Fear;
Nay ſometimes Wilful did my Crimes appear;
Yet of Malicious Sinning always clear.

VER. 338. *Sit on——Thrones, and judge*, &c.] See Matth. xix. 28. 1 Cor. vi. 23. and the Commentators upon thoſe Places.

VER. 346. *And renders his Account*, &c.] See Lord Chief Juſtice Hale's *Account of the Good Steward*. Contemplations Moral, and Divine. VOL. I.

Oft did my Soul receive a Blot, and Stain;
Seduc'd to Guilt by Pleaſure, and by Pain.
Sore by the Fleſh beſet, I greatly fail'd:
And yet, I truſt, the Spirit chief prevail'd.
In Thoughts, in Words, in Deeds, I did offend;
But 'tis my Hope, REPENTANCE interven'd
'Twixt Me, and Juſtice; bleſt REPENTANCE, crown'd
With REFORMATION, which maintain'd its Ground.
The *Talents* to my Lot by Thee aſſign'd,
Of Nature, Fortune, Body, Grace, and Mind,
I have improv'd Induſtrious; to my Truſt
Faithful, and acting like a Steward juſt;
Improv'd them (as it was thy Will I ſhou'd)
To Thy own Glory, and my Brethrens Good.
Zeal for Thy Honour did my Soul inflame,
Zeal for Thy Church, Thy Sabbath, and Thy Name.
Yet not a Zeal fierce, rapid, or unrul'd;
But check'd by Prudence, and with Reaſon cool'd.
From Sacrilegious Rapine I was free,
And in thy Prieſts and Servants, robb'd not Thee.

VER: 364. *The Talents*, &c.] For the Parable of the *Talents* read Matth. xxv. Luke xix.

VER. 375. *Robb'd not Thee.*] See Malach. iii. 8.

Thy Prieſts, as Thy bleſs'd Work They did partake,
I lov'd, and reverenc'd, for their Labour's ſake.
Religious Schiſms with Tears I did lament,
And Factions, which Thy myſtic Body rent.
With holy Fear I read Thy ſacred Word;
And where I could not underſtand, ador'd:
To Faith made Reaſon bow, with pious Awe!
And Night and Day enjoy'd Thy heav'nly Law.
Sweeter than Honey was it to my Taſte;
Delicious, exquiſite, divine Repaſt.
Thy Book of Nature too both Day and Night
I read, and ſtudy'd with ſincere Delight:
Thy Wonders of Creation! —— How they raiſe
Our Admiration, and tranſcend our Praiſe!
What Love, what Rev'rence muſt Thy Works inſpire,
Ev'n Now, tho' burning in This dreadful Fire!
Redemption! —— Providence! —— But 'tis too long ——
And interrupted ſtops my fault'ring Tongue.
Thy Houſe I ſtill frequented; on the Bread
Of Life devoutly at Thy Altar fed;

VER. 376, 377. *Thy Prieſts——Labour's ſake.*] 1 Theſſ. v. 12, 13.
VER. 383. *And Night and Day enjoy'd*, &c.] Pſal. i. 2.
VER. 384. *Sweeter than Honey*, &c.] Pſal. cxix. 103.

(That heav'nly Manna! more than Angels' Food!)
And, while I drank Thy Sacramental Blood,
Bewail'd Thoſe Sins, which Thy bleſt Temples dy'd,
And drew the precious Torrent from Thy Side.
In Publick, and in Privacy Thy Aid
I ever begg'd, and without ceaſing Pray'd.
By Charity's celeſtial Guidance led,
I cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed:
Unmov'd I never heard the Wretched groan;
To many liberal, unjuſt to None.
Provok'd by Malice, Fraud, Ingratitude,
Receiving Evil in return for Good,
I lov'd my worſt of Foes; and ev'n Now crave
To be forgiv'n, as I myſelf forgave.
My Tongue, as with a Bridle, I reſtrain'd;
And ſtudious from all evil Words refrain'd:
Would never aught profane, or leud have writ,
For all the Fame that e'er was gain'd by Wit.
I ſcorn'd Ambition, lov'd obſcure Retreat;
And never would be Little, to be Great.
That ſhining Dirt call'd Gold I ſtill deſpis'd,
By Others hoarded, and ſo highly priz'd:

By

VER. 401. *Without ceaſing pray'd.*] 1 Theſſ. v. 17.
VER. 409. *To be forgiv'n, as I myſelf,* &c.] *Lord's Prayer.*
VER. 410. *My Tongue, as with a Bridle,* &c.] Pſal. xxxix. 2.

By ſordid Avarice was ne'er enſlav'd;
And thought not Wealth was giv'n us, to be *ſav'd*.
To ſave my Soul, not Money, was my Care:
Yet of Profuſion's Guilt no leſs aware,
I ſtor'd for Thoſe, whom God, and Nature made
Dependant on my Providence, and Aid.
If Paſſions did my mortal Frame diſturb;
Yet Reaſon check'd them with reſtraining Curb.
Thy Gifts with chearful Temperance I us'd,
Not to Exceſs, or Luxury abus'd:
Did from unlawful Pleaſures wholly ſwerve,
And ev'n of lawful taſted with Reſerve.
Tho' ſtrongly tempted by ſoft Beauty's Charms,
I never touch'd a Proſtitute's foul Arms;
But us'd my Body, as the Temple pure
Of Him, who no Pollution can endure:
Reflecting, that Temptations gave the Price
To Vertue, as they never cancel'd Vice.
In lowly, humble Thoughts I liv'd, and dy'd;
Wond'ring what wretched *Man* could mean by *Pride*.
Whate'er in Me was Good was Thine alone;
My Sins, and Follies only were my own.

VER. 432. *My Body, as the Temple*, &c.] 1 Cor. vi. 19.

(That heav'nly Manna! more than Angels' Food!)
And, while I drank Thy Sacramental Blood,
Bewail'd Thoſe Sins, which Thy bleſt Temples dy'd,
And drew the precious Torrent from Thy Side.
In Publick, and in Privacy Thy Aid
I ever begg'd, and without ceaſing Pray'd.
By Charity's celeſtial Guidance led,
I cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed:
Unmov'd I never heard the Wretched groan;
To many liberal, unjuſt to None.
Provok'd by Malice, Fraud, Ingratitude,
Receiving Evil in return for Good,
I lov'd my worſt of Foes; and ev'n Now crave
To be forgiv'n, as I myſelf forgave.
My Tongue, as with a Bridle, I reſtrain'd;
And ſtudious from all evil Words refrain'd:
Would never aught profane, or leud have writ,
For all the Fame that e'er was gain'd by Wit.
I ſcorn'd Ambition, lov'd obſcure Retreat;
And never would be Little, to be Great.
That ſhining Dirt call'd Gold I ſtill deſpis'd,
By Others hoarded, and ſo highly priz'd:

By

VER. 401. *Without ceaſing pray'd.*] 1 Theſſ. v. 17.
VER. 409. *To be forgiv'n, as I myſelf,* &c.] *Lord's Prayer.*
VER. 410. *My Tongue, as with a Bridle,* &c.] Pſal. xxxix. 2.

By ſordid Avarice was ne'er enſlav'd;
And thought not Wealth was giv'n us, to be *ſav'd*.
To ſave my Soul, not Money, was my Care:
Yet of Profuſion's Guilt no leſs aware,
I ſtor'd for Thoſe, whom God, and Nature made
Dependant on my Providence, and Aid.
If Paſſions did my mortal Frame diſturb;
Yet Reaſon check'd them with reſtraining Curb.
Thy Gifts with chearful Temperance I us'd,
Not to Exceſs, or Luxury abus'd:
Did from unlawful Pleaſures wholly ſwerve,
And ev'n of lawful taſted with Reſerve.
Tho' ſtrongly tempted by ſoft Beauty's Charms,
I never touch'd a Proſtitute's foul Arms;
But us'd my Body, as the Temple pure
Of Him, who no Pollution can endure:
Reflecting, that Temptations gave the Price
To Vertue, as they never cancel'd Vice.
In lowly, humble Thoughts I liv'd, and dy'd;
Wond'ring what wretched *Man* could mean by *Pride*.
Whate'er in Me was Good was Thine alone;
My Sins, and Follies only were my own.

Ver. 432. *My Body, as the Temple*, &c.] 1 Cor. vi. 19.

Thus, Lord, Thy Servant (This is the Amount)
Of his paſt Actions renders the Account;
Vile in the Worſt, Defective in the Beſt:
But let Thy Blood, and Merits plead the reſt.
He ceaſes, bowing low. MESSIAH ſmiles,
Gracious: The Ocean, huſh'd, in ſilence boils:
The Mountains intermit their roaring Noiſe,
And liſten to their Great Creator's Voice:
Thro' all the Globe the fierce devouring Fires
Soften their Rage, and bend their humbled Spires;
Earth, Air, and Sea, their univerſal Wrecks
Suſpend; while Thus th' Incarnate Godhead ſpeaks.
" Well done, Thou Good, and Faithful Servant; Well
Thou haſt thyſelf acquitted: Come, and dwell
With Me, in Happineſs without Alloy;
" Enter into thy Lord's eternal Joy."
From Me (with Comfort view thy Judge's Face)
Where Juſtice *muſt* not, Mercy *will* take Place.
Come All, whoſe Vertue, like His, ſtedfaſt found,
And to the laſt enduring, kept its Ground.
" Receive, Ye Bleſſed, Your adjudg'd Reward:
" Receive the Kingdom long for You prepar'd,

" Ev'n

VER. 452, to 466. *Well done, Thou good, and faithful, &c.——Like ſever'd Goats.*] Matth. xxv. 21, 33, 34.

"Ev'n when the World's Foundations firſt were laid"
By Me, who Now deſtroy what Then I made.
Theſe are my Sheep, ſelect on my Right Hand:
For Thoſe who on my Left ſecluded ſtand,
Like ſever'd Goats; the Luſtful, the Unjuſt,
The Covetous, th' Unfaithful to their Truſt;
Th' Unmerciful, the Perjur'd, the Prophane,
The Hypocrites, whoſe Godlineſs was Gain;
Thoſe who Lies lov'd and made, and Lies believ'd,
Deceiving Others, and Themſelves deceiv'd:
Th' Intemperate, th' Outrageous, Fierce, and Proud:
Nor Theſe alone, whoſe Crimes to Heav'n cry'd loud;
But lower Sinners, Thoſe whoſe Vices, laid
In Ballance, their ſmall Vertue far outweigh'd;
The Lukewarm, Tim'rous, Cowards in God's Cauſe;
The partial, ſlight Obſervers of his Laws;
The Indevout, the Lax, the Negligent,
Who Time's rich Talent in vain Trifles ſpent;
Thoſe who ſome Vices, but not all forbore,
Lov'd God a little, but the World much more:

VER. 470, 471. ——*Lies lov'd, and made*——*Deceiving*——*and deceiv'd.*] Rev. xxii. 15. 2 Tim. iii. 13.

VER. 476. ——*Lukewarm, Tim'rous, Cowards,* &c.] Rev. iii. 16. xxi. 8.

VER. 481. *Lov'd God a little, but the World,* &c.] 2 Tim. iii. 4.

All These, since dead in Trespasses they dy'd,
Heav'n's Wrath, and righteous Vengeance must abide.
All know th' *Excuses* they would plead, to screen
Their Guilts: But how fallacious, weak, and thin?
Temptations press'd them——Had it not been so;
What *Vertue* could they have propos'd to show?
Eternal Bliss were sure too cheaply bought,
If gain'd for doing, and for Suff'ring *Nought*;
Were Punishment to *such Sins* only due,
As *vicious* Human Nature *rarely* knew:
The Poor's Profuseness, th' Unprovok'd Man's Rage,
The Avarice of Youth, the Lust of Age:
Tho' to the World ev'n These were not unknown;
And what can for a Guilt like This attone?
When by *Infirmities* they were betray'd;
Was not *my Strength* sufficient for their Aid?
But did they not reject my proffer'd Grace,
And hurl my Gifts into the Giver's Face?
Did not That faithful Witness in each Breast,
CONSCIENCE, against their wicked Lives protest;
And warn them that, however they *excus'd*
Their Crimes, they *willfully* Themselves abus'd?

Infinite

VER: 482. *Dead in Trespasses*, &c.] Ephes. ii. 1.
VER: 497. *My Strength sufficient*——] 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Infinite is, They ſaid, *God's Mercy*: True;
But *infinite* is not his *Juſtice* too?
Mercy, tho' *infinite*, cannot be ſhown
To Sinners, who are capable of None,
Th' *Impenitent*.—But why did God *make* Thoſe,
Who, He *foreknew*, muſt ſuffer *endleſs Woes*?
And why would'ſt Thou attempt, preſumptuous Man,
To graſp *Infinity* with Thy ſhort Span?
Tho' This *Thou* canſt not *comprehend*; GOD can.
To be for ever Happy, He made *All*:
But needs muſt make them *free* to ſtand, or fall.
Elſe, where were *Vertue*, and *Reward*? Some *ſtood*,
But not *neceſſitated* to be *Good*.
Some *fell*; but *free* to *ſtand*; Their Fault their Own;
Whom can they blame then, but Themſelves alone?
However; Who has aught to plead, may ſpeak——
I hear not One the guilty Silence break.
Thus much; that God in Judgment might appear
Moſt Righteous, and of all Injuſtice clear.
But who are They, diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt?
SCOFFERS; who turn'd *my Goſpel* into Jeſt:

Who

VER. 521, 522. *That God in Judgment ——Moſt righteous, &c.*] Pſal. li. 4.

Who thought, againſt *right Reaſon*'s ſober Rules,
That *Thinking freely* was to *Think like Fools*.
They underſtood not *Myſterys*: Demand
Of Them who liſt, what *did* they underſtand?
Had *Nature* not her Myſterys, unknown
To Them? Why muſt *Religion* then have none?
God's *Revelations* always were Their Scorn:
How will his righteous Judgment now be borne,
When God from Heav'n, not Now at leaſt conceal'd,
In flaming Fire, and Vengeance is *reveal'd?*
See how they gnaſh their Teeth, and rend their Hair,
In all the Pangs of Malice and Deſpair:
Malice againſt their *Saviour*, whom they brav'd;
Who would have ſav'd them, would they have been ſav'd.
An Iſle there was in *Europe* (late ſo nam'd)
My Fav'rite once, for pure Religion fam'd:
There Theſe Apoſtate Miſcreants, in an Age
The moſt corrupt, againſt Me belch'd their Rage.
At the ſame time, t' adore the Temp'ral Pow'rs,
(As if Their Grandeur greater were than Ours)
Induſtrious They employ'd their utmoſt Skill:
From the ſame venal proſtituted Quill

The

VER. 533, 534. *When God from Heaven——In flaming Fire——reveal'd.*] 2 Theſſ. ii. 7, 8.

The Atheiſm, and the Panegyrick ſtream'd:
The GREAT MEN *flatter'd*, the GREAT GOD *blaſphem'd*.
By Theſe, had I again come down from Heav'n,
And Pow'r, like PILATE's, had to Them been giv'n,
I had again with Shame, and Tortures dy'd;
Again been Spit on, Scourg'd, and Crucify'd.
A moral, vertuous Heathen, born, and bred
In unſought Ignorance, has much to plead;
May hope for ſome Reward, tho' None is due,
And bleſs my Merits, which He never knew:
But a Baptiz'd, a Chriſtian Infidel! ——
Where can He have his Portion, but in Hell?
Ye Wicked All, Your Sentence now attend;
Who ſin'd on, Unrepentant to the End.
'Tis paſs'd: You have outſtood the Day of Grace;
Where Mercy *cannot*, Juſtice *muſt* take place.
" Depart, Ye Curſed, into endleſs Fire;
" To Sulph'rous Flames which never ſhall expire:
" Go; find in Hell, for Them, and You prepar'd,
" With Satan, and his Crew, your juſt Reward."
Be This the Doom of All who dy'd in Vice:
But Thoſe, my more *Emphatic* Enemys,

Who

VER. 563——566. *Depart ye Curſed*, &c.] Matth. xxv. 41.

Who againſt *Mine* did SATAN's Cauſe *maintain*,
" And would not I their King ſhould o'er them reign,
Muſt be preferr'd before the Reſt: Let Thoſe
Who with *cool, treas'ning* Malice were my Foes,
Obdur'd Apoſtates, in Hell's *deepeſt Pit*
Enjoy their fam'd Philoſophy, and Wit;
There feel HIS Vengeance, to confound their Pride,
Whoſe *Godhead*, and whoſe *Goſpel* they deny'd.
Th' Aſſeſſors, to his Voice aſſenting, riſe:
Unnumber'd Hallelujahs ſhake the Skys:
Hoſannahs infinite, the Heav'ns around,
Like many Waters, and loud Thund'rings, found.
" Great, marvellous, are all thy Works of Praiſe;
" And juſt, and true, O King of Saints, Thy Ways."
Thy Glory (All Thy Sentence muſt approve)
Triumphs in Hell below, in Heaven above;
And ſhines no leſs in Vengeance, than in Love.
Think Thou, who ſhalt peruſe This ſerious Verſe,
What Arrows at That Hour, thy Soul ſhall pierce,

If

VER. 568, 570. *My——Enemys, Who would not I their King*, &c.] Luke. xix. 27.

VER. 580. *Like many Waters, and loud Thund'rings*, &c.] Rev. xix. 6.

VER. 581, 582. *Great, marvellous*, &c. *And juſt, and true*, &c.] Rev. xv. 3.

If guilty it be found: And Oh! take care
Thy ſelf for That Tribunal to prepare.
Nor be too certain, that the Time unknown
Is many Ages diſtant from our own.
Whoe'er obſerves the little Faith on Earth,
Would think the wond'rous Period near its Birth.
Ourſelves perhaps, not fated to expire,
May in Theſe Bodies ſee the World on Fire;
Hear the laſt Trumpet ſound, commanded meet
The Coming Judge, and tremble at his Feet.
Thy Death, however, (and That ſoon muſt come)
Is in effect to Thee the Day of Doom.
Meditate much on This: For Me too pray,
That I unterrify'd may ſee That Day;
That Both our trueſt Int'reſt may diſcern,
" And, teaching Others, I myſelf may learn.*"
'Tis not to Talk, and Preach, and Write, but Live,
That THEN will ſolid Peace, and Comfort give.
Should One, like HOMER, VIRGIL, MILTON, riſe,
To ſet the laſt Great Day before our Eyes;
To make us Chaſte, Sincere, Religious, Juſt,
Yet be Himſelf enthrall'd to Vice, and Luſt;

Periſh

VER. 592, 593.——*The little Faith*——*Would think*——]
Luke. xviii. 8.

* SILVESTER's *Dubartas.*

Periſh would He, tho' Others He might Save:
And, having paſs'd thro' DEATH's ſtrait Gate, the Grave,
See *Them* in higheſt HEAV'N, *Himſelf* in HELL;
And *rue* That JUDGMENT, which He *ſung* ſo well.

PART

PART III.

HEAVEN.

The ARGUMENT.

IMPOSSIBLE *for us in This World to form a Juſt Idea of the Glory, and Happineſs of the Next. Sufficient for us to know, that it is perfect, and eternal Happineſs,* ver. 1, &c. *The Holy Scriptures, however, have given us ſome Glimpſe, or faint Proſpect of it. The* New Jeruſalem, *as deſcrib'd by St.* John *in the* xxi, *and* xxii *Chapters of the* Revelation. *A farther Poetical Deſcription of Heaven.* ver. 17, &c. *Allowable in Us to delineate it by the Things which are ſeen Here; ſince God Himſelf does ſo.* ver. 98, &c. *The* Beatific Vision *glanc'd at, and paſs'd over for the preſent. Degrees of Glory and Happineſs; Yet all that are in Heaven completely happy. No Envy There.* ver 116, &c. *Charity remains There; tho' Faith and Hope are extinct.* ver. 139, &c. *Wherein conſiſts the Happineſs of the Bleſſed. In praiſing God. In Knowledge.* ver. 157, &c. *In the* Beatific Vision. *That enlarged upon. Wherein it conſiſts.* ver. 177, &c. *The Ideal World. Seeing God, as He is.* ver. 192, &c. *The Myſtery of the Trinity reveal'd.* ver. 212, &c. *Seemingly repugnant Attributes reconcil'd.* ver. 239, &c. *The moſt eminent Perſons There. Martyrs; Patriarchs; Prophets; Apoſtles; The Bleſſed Virgin. Famous, learned, and pious Clergymen. Laic Divines, who defended Chriſtianity.* ver. 245, &c. *Good Kings. Founders of Colleges; eſpecially in* Oxford, *and* Cambridge. ver. 297, &c. *Benefactors to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.* ver. 335, &c. *Queen* Anne; *eſpecially for her Bounty to the Clergy.* ver. 345, &c. *Founders of Hoſpitals in* London. ver. 363, &c. *The peculiar Excellence of* Charity. ver. 387, &c. *Pious Stateſmen, and Patriots.* ver. 403, &c. *Promiſcuouſly, all the Vertuous, and Good. What it is to be truly Good.* ver. 419, &c. *Chriſtians, who differ'd in Opinion Here, may yet meet in Heaven Hereafter. Vertuous Heathens may be ſaved.* ver. 447, &c. *More upon the Happineſs of Heaven. God's amazing Goodneſs in ſo immenſely rewarding ſo inconſiderable a Service.* ver. 462, &c. *Without being* Holy *Here, we cannot,* in the Nature of Things, *be* Happy *Hereafter.* ver. 498, &c.

PART III.

HEAVEN.

THE great Apoſtle, in his raviſh'd Breaſt
Extatic, with Celeſtial Viſions bleſt,
Rapt into Heav'n, had of its Joys a Taſte;
(O! how he wiſh'd it might forever laſt!)
Theſe Things ineffable He heard, and ſaw;
To utter them tranſcended Nature's Law.
How then ſhall We, in Darkneſs, to whoſe View
That Curtain for a Moment ne'er withdrew,
Clog'd with thick Clay, whom Walls of Fleſh immure,
Find Words to paint a Bliſs divinely pure;
Which, tho' with Truth infallible believ'd,
Eye hath not ſeen, Ear heard, nor mortal Thought conceiv'd?
Suffice it us, to cheer us on our Way,
That Heav'n is Happineſs without Allay;

VER. 1. *The great Apoſtle*, &c.] 2 Cor. xii. 2, &c. *I knew a Man in Chriſt*, &c. St. *Paul* certainly ſpeaks of Himſelf; as is allow'd by Every body.

VER. 12. *Eye hath not ſeen*, &c.—1 Cor. ii. 9.

Perfect, Complete, Eternal, Happineſs;
More cannot be; and Heav'n affords no leſs.
Ev'n Here, tho' through a Glaſs we dimly gaze,
Nor ſee as yet our Maker face to face;
Some Glimpſe th' inſpir'd Prophetick Pages give
Of That bleſt Life which There the Juſt ſhall live.
The Saint, who ſaw th' *Apocalypſe*, beheld
(What Wonders to his Tranſports were reveal'd!)
The Holy City, New *Jeruſalem*,
Which needed not the Son's enliv'ning Beam:
God's Glory, and the LAMB's wide-ſpreading Light
More than ſupply'd the Sun, and ſhone more bright.
The Church Triumphant There in Bliſs ſhall reign;
No more of Death, of Sickneſs, Fear, or Pain;
No Sighs, no Wailings, no complaining Crys;
All Tears are wip'd forever from their Eyes.
Nought, but ſincereſt Joys, they There ſhall know;
Nor dread the Storms which grumbled Here below:

But

VER. 17, 18.——*Through a Glaſs*——*face to face.*] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

VER. 21——to Ver. 75. *The Saint*——*never cloy.*] See *Rev.* xxi. throughout, and Chap. xxii. to Ver. 6. From which this Deſcription is taken; one Deſign of the inſpir'd Writer is undoubtedly to delineate, in a prophetical, and myſtical manner, the State of the Church here on Earth. But it has likewiſe (as moſt learned Commentators agree) a View to the Church Triumphant in Heaven.

But breathe an Ether pure, and moſt refin'd :
No longer ſhall the Soul to Earth be join'd ;
Nor cumbrous Fleſh weigh down the muſing Mind.
City of God! (Thy Glories may we ſee!)
Things very excellent are ſpoke of Thee.
Deck'd like a Bride, all brillant She ſhall ſhine,
For her Celeſtial Spouſe, with Gems divine.
The City, built by God, not made with Hands,
On twelve ſtrong Jewels, rais'd as Pillars, ſtands.
Diverſe the Saphir, Ruby, Em'rald blaze ;
The reſt ſhoot forth their diff'rent-colour'd Rays.
Emboſs'd on Theſe, the *Twelve Apoſtles'* Names,
From the twelve dazling Jewels dart their Flames.
Leſs beamy, ſwelling in their Luſtre, ſhone
Urim and *Thummim*, when, his Pect'ral on,

VER. 35. *Nor cumbrous Fleſh weigh down*, &c.] Wiſd. ix. 15.

VER. 36, 37. *City of God*———*Things very excellent.*] Pſal. lxxxvii. 3.

VER. 40.———*Built by God, not made with Hands.*] 2 Cor. v. 1.

VER. 47. Urim *and* Thummim, &c.] Exod. xxviii. 30.

Urim means Fire, and Light ; *Thummim*, Perfection. They were precious Stones, in the Pectoral, or Breaſt-plate of AARON, and the High-Prieſts his Succeſſors. When God was conſulted by it, the Protuberancy, and bright Shining of the Jewels ſhew'd an Anſwer in the Affirmative ; the Contrary in the Negative ; according to JOSEPHUS, and Others. But I have not Time (nor does my Subject require it) to be more particular upon This difficult Point.

Thoſe precious Stones enrich'd the myſtick Veſt,
And ſparkled Oracles from AARON's Breaſt.
Quadrangular, of Jaſper, great, and tall,
Diſtinct with Turrets, ſtands the radiant Wall.
Twelve Gates of Pearl upliſt their Heads on high,
Inſcrib'd the *Tribes of Iſrael*, thro' the Sky
Diſperſe a mild, refreſhing Light around;
And op'd, or ſhut, on Diamond Hinges ſound.
At Each a beauteous Cherub Sentry waits;
Twelve Angels watch the twelve pellucid Gates.
The Streets, of Gold tranſparent, clear as Glaſs,
Illume the heav'nly People as they paſs.
Clearer than Cryſtal, thro' the Center roll'd
On Gravel of ſmooth Pearl, and Sand of Gold,
Proceeding from the LAMB's, and GOD's fix'd Throne
(GOD, and the LAMB, Thoſe great Myſterious One!)
A River, nam'd *Life's River*, gently flows:
The *Tree of Life* faſt by its Margin grows;
Tranſplanted Hither from fair *Eden*'s Soil,
When firſt fall'n Man was doom'd to Death, and Toil.
Twelve Fruits, which, one each Month, its Branches bear,
With various Hue diſcriminate the Year.
No longer are the Paſſes to it barr'd;
Nor waves the flaming Sword; nor Cherubs guard.

The

VER. 71. *Nor waves—nor Cherubs*, &c.] Gen. iii. *laſt* Ver.

The bleſt Inhabitants, with Licenſe free,
From the Life-giving River, and the Tree,
Drink, and eat, Immortality, and Joy;
Delights, which always fill, and never cloy.
The *Tree of Knowledge* too is now no more
Prohibited; but, as it ſhines all o'er
With Fruit inviting to the rich Repaſt,
Carrys not Death, but Life, to All that taſte.
God's City This: That Name to It is giv'n;
The great Metropolis, and Court of Heav'n.
Yet Citys more, unnumber'd, Here have place,
Thick, ſcatter'd thro' the wide Empyrial Space:
All glorious, ſhining all with outſtretch'd Rays,
Reflecting on each other Blaze for Blaze;
Peopled by Saints, and Angels: Yet All come
To This, as to their chief celeſtial Home,
Free Denizens. Nor leſs are theſe Abodes,
Seats of innumerable little Gods,
Diverſify'd with lovelieſt Rural Scenes,
Plains, Mountains, Valleys, everlaſting Greens;

VER 76. *The Tree of Knowledge*, &c.] For the *Tree of Knowledge*, as well as the *Tree of Life*; See Gen. ii. and iii.

VER. 83. *Empyrial.*] *Empyrial*, and *Empyrean* (Ver. 155,) mean *the higheſt Heaven*, beyond the *higheſt Stars*, &c.

Endleſs Variety of Dales, and Hills,
Woods, Groves, Lawns, Rivers, Brooks, and murm'ring Rills:
God's Praiſes they reſound in fragrant Bow'rs,
And Fields enamel'd with immortal Flow'rs;
Hold ſweeteſt Converſe under pendant Shades;
And hear ſoft Muſick warble thro' the Glades.
Alas! how vain is This Poetick Paint,
Fancy's fond Imag'ry! how weak, how faint!
What is with Innocence delightful Here
We raiſe to Heav'n, and dream it muſt be There.
Perhaps it may——But whether So, or Not;
'Tis That, or Better——what no human Thought
Can figure, or conceive: Be This our Stay,
"That Heav'n is Happineſs without Allay;
"Perfect, Complete, Eternal Happineſs;
"More cannot be, and Heav'n affords no Leſs."
Yet God himſelf, by Revelation giv'n,
Has ſo delineated our future Heav'n;
That while we look thro' This corporeal Screen,
The Things we ſee ſhould ſhadow Things unſeen:
Rivers of Pleaſures——Banquets——Diadems——
Magnific Buildings—Thrones—White Robes—and Gems.
It Now *appears not What we* Then *ſhall be*;
But This we know; that *God we* There *ſhall ſee*.

O VISION BEATIFIC! O what Bliſs!
See God Himſelf! and *ſee Him as He is!*
This too we know, that, chang'd by Pow'r Divine,
Our Bodys glorify'd like Stars ſhall ſhine:
But not alike—As Stars, tho' All ſhine bright,
Differ in Glory, and Degrees of Light;
So ſhall th' ethereal Bodys of the Bleſt:
Yet *Envy* There can harbour in no Breaſt;
Envy by mutual Love is quite ſuppreſt.
Each other's Happineſs they All enjoy;
But Envy would their Happineſs deſtroy.
Like the Angelick Orders ſhall be ours:
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow'rs:
Theſe high, Thoſe low, Theſe greater, and Thoſe leſs;
Yet All in full, conſummate Happineſs.
From This Subordination Beauty ſprings;
And Harmony, the gen'ral *Mind* of Things.

VER. 114, 115,——117. *It now appears not——But this we know——See Him as He is.*] 1 John. iii. 2.

VER. 119,——122. *Our Bodies glorify'd like Stars——of the Bleſt.*] 1 Cor. xv. 41, 42.

VER. 128. *Thrones, Dominations,* &c.] Col. i. 16. The Word *Vertues* is not in the Text. But That is immaterial. The Verſe is MILTON's; in many Places of his *Paradiſe Loſt.* It expreſſes the ſeveral *Orders* of *Angels.*

Were a Lyre's Strings of equal Size, and Tone;
Sound there might be, but Muſick could be none:
Th' harmonious Diſcord would be loſt, That Soul,
That ſweet Reſult, and Iſſue of the Whole.
Thus in *unequal Orbs* the Saints ſhall move;
Yet All roll round in That *Firſt Mover* LOVE.

Love! Charity! Heav'n's deareſt, darling Gueſt,
Forever bleſſing, and forever bleſt;
Thou haſt a whole Eternity in ſtore,
When holy Faith, and Hope ſhall be no more:
Hope in Fruition, Faith in Viſion loſt;
Immortal Thou ſhalt reign thro' Heav'n's bright Hoſt.
As yet abide Faith, Hope, ſweet Charity;
The Laſt, ev'n Here, the greateſt of the Three:
There of the Three the Laſt alone ſhall live,
And ever-during Joys receive, and give.
So in Man's wond'rous Frame three Souls are wrought;
For Vegetation, This; That, Senſe; That, Thought;
(Faith

VER. 138. *Yet All roll round in That* Firſt Mover, *&c.*] According to the ancient Aſtronomy (the *Ptolemaic* Syſtem) the *Primum Mobile (Firſt Moveable,* and *Mover)* whirls round in its Orbit all the Stars, of all Magnitudes; tho' they have different Orbits, and Motions of their own.

VER. 139.——to VER. 148. *Love! Charity——receive, and give.*] See 1 Cor. xiii. throughout.

VER. 149. *Three Souls.*] The *Vegetative,* the *Senſitive* and the *Rational*; according to the ancient Philoſophy.

(Faith vegetates all Vertues, Hope g ives Taſte
To all) Theſe die, when This ſhort Life is paſt:
Only the Intellectual, Thinking Soul
Mounts up, and ſoars above the ſtarry Pole;
The Empyrean's dazling Summit gains,
And high in Heav'n to endleſs Ages reigns.

There, What ſhall be her Taſk? The *Godhead's Praiſe*;
Theme inexhauſtible of ſacred Lays.
Proſtrate before his holy Hill, his Throne,
They ſing His Glory, and improve their Own.

Knowledge forever growing, and improv'd,
Knowledge, by Men with ſo much Paſſion lov'd,
The Minds of the Beatify'd ſhall bleſs
Still more; No Fear of Surfeit, or Exceſs.
The Underſtanding, Appetite, and Will,
Tho' reſting on their Object, farther ſtill,
Farther, and farther, infinitely tend,
Thro' long Eternity; no Bound, no End:

Objects

VER. 166. *Tho' reſting on their Object, farther,* &c.] It may be aſk'd; If they *reſt* upon their Object, how can they *tend farther?* I anſwer; They reſt upon their *general* Object; knowing they ſhall always be ſatisfy'd in the *Main*; and yet are perpetually entertain'd with *new, freſh, particular* Objects.

Objects, and Entertainments, ever New;
Proſpects on Proſpects riſing to the View.
Then awful *Myſterys* ſhall be reveal'd,
Which Now in Clouds and Darkneſs are conceal'd:
New Luſtre ſhed on each obſcurer Text,
So long in vain by learned Comments vex'd;
God's Book inſpir'd ſhall, like Himſelf, all bright,
Shine from the Centre, one clear Globe of Light.
But! Oh! Thou VISION BEATIFIC! Where
Shall we find Words thy Wonders to declare?
Impoſſible: This perfect, higheſt Good
Can never, 'till Enjoy'd, be underſtood.
See the *Inviſible?* No; not as Men
Each other ſee; but with Angelick Ken,
With the Mind's Eye. Ev'n to Corporeal Sight,
With Emanations of tranſcendent Light,
He who is God, as well as Man, ſhall ſhine;
His glorious Body darting Rays divine,
Thro' the immeaſurable Space: As We
Like Stars of diff'rent Magnitudes ſhall be,
The radiant Sun to all Thoſe Stars is He:
The Sun of Righteouſneſs——But This the leaſt:
The MIND with God's bright Viſion ſhall be bleſt.

There

VER. 190. *The Sun of Righteouſneſs.*] Malach. iv. 2.

There the *Ideal World* (enquire not How;
Here we know nought, but This, that nought we know)
Shall open to our View: Th' Eternal Mind
The Scheme, and Archetypes of Things, deſign'd
E'er yet fair Nature's Frame from Nothing roſe,
Shall to our wond'ring Eyes at once diſcloſe.
Some think (let Thinking ſtill be *truly* free)
Ev'n Here in God alone we all things ſee.
Moſt certain This; Th' Eternal Mind ſurvey'd
All Things within Himſelf, e'er Aught was made;
Form'd in Himſelf the univerſal Plan,
From the moſt ſenſeleſs Inſect, up to Man.
There then, the Copys loſt, with glad Amaze
We on the bright Originals ſhall gaze;
See Nature, when all Nature is diſſolv'd;
See Time in vaſt Eternity involv'd:
See the exteriour Form, th' internal Pow'rs
Of Simples; and the fragrant Souls of Flow'rs:

See

VER. 192, *&c. The Ideal World*, &c.] See P. MALEBRANCHE's *Recherche de la Verité*; and the moſt learned, ingenious, and pious Mr. NORRIS's *Theory of the Intelligible, or Ideal World*. Whatever becomes of the Doctrine of our *Seeing all things in God*, in This Life: it is certain from his being *Creator* of all things, that He muſt have in Himſelf the *Ideas* of all things; and in the next Life perhaps we may ſee thoſe Ideas in Him.

See Stars, long ſince extinct, ſurround the Pole;
And Intellectual Suns in beauteous Order roll.
But little This, that, in That bleſt Abode,
All *other Things* we ſhall behold in God:
Himſelf, Himſelf, we *in Himſelf* ſhall view,
The Same forever, yet forever New:
We then ſhall know, as We ourſelves are known,
Th' immenſe, ineffable One-three, Three-one;
A bleſs'd Society in Himſelf alone:
See how the Father is the Fountain; how
From Him, *in* Him, the Son, and Spirit flow:
How 'tis They *differ*, how They are the *ſame*.
Great Holy, Holy, Holy, glorious Name;
Clear, lucid Fount of Good, Eternal Mind,
Perfection of all Beauties in Thee joyn'd;
The Spring of Life eſſential dwells in Thee,
And in Thy Light we pureſt Light ſhall ſee:
Deeper, and deeper, and yet deeper ſtill,
Forever gaze; and never gaze our Fill.
Thy Nature, and Thy Eſſence, without End
We ſhall contemplate, never comprehend.

No

VER. 216.——*Know, as we*——*are known.*] 1. [Cor. xiii. 12.
VER. 225, 226. *The Spring of Life*, &c. *And in Thy Light*, &c.] Pſalm. xxxvi. 9.

No Finite can the Infinite contain:
Yet This an Indigence, which gives no Pain;
Not Pain, but Happineſs: For more, and more
The Saints are bleſt, yet ſtill have Bliſs in Store.
Diff'rent indeed God's Happineſs muſt be;
Fulneſs in Him, without Satiety:
For in whatever State, whate'er Abode,
Creatures muſt ſtill be Creatures, God be God.
Thoſe *Attributes*, which Here *adverſe* appear'd,
Shall There of all *Repugnancy* be *clear'd:*
Truth, Holineſs, and Wiſdom reconcile
Mercy with Juſtice; All in Concord ſmile:
Mercy and Juſtice kiſs each other There;
And Vengeance ſhine, as lovely, as ſevere.
But Who are *Thoſe*, who in God's Realms of Joy
Shall Thus a whole Eternity employ?
Neareſt his Throne, around, and at his Feet,
The Noble Army of the Martyrs ſit;
Patriarchs, Apoſtles, Prophets, all That Hoſt,
Who for their Saviour did, and ſuffer'd moſt.
The Virgin Mother of the World's great Lord,
Forever *honour'd*, only not *ador'd*,
In awful Beauty ſmiles, with ſweeteſt Grace;
Th' incarnate Godhead light'ning in her Face.

Near

Near Them, are *holy Prieſts*, for *Learning* fam'd,
And *Piety*; who with true Zeal inflam'd,
With ſolid Judgment cool'd, maintain'd God's Cauſe
Againſt his Enemys, and preach'd his Laws.
By their illuſtrious Labours, which ſurvive
Their mortal Life, and with the World ſhall live,
Sham'd the proud Scorner, Hereſies refell'd,
And from th' obſcurer Text the Clouds diſpell'd;
Sav'd Other's Souls, and more than ſav'd their Own,
Angelick TAYLOR, HAMMOND, SANDERSON,
Great PEARSON, BRAMHALL, USHER, WALTON, POOLE;
But chiefly, bright, acute, ſagacious BULL.

VER. 264, 265. *Angelick* TAYLOR, *&c.*——POOLE.] Dr. JEREMY TAYLOR, *Bp.* of *Down* and *Connor* in *Ireland*; Dr. HENRY HAMMOND, deſign'd *Bp.* of *Worceſter* by K. CHARLES II. but dy'd juſt before the Reſtoration; Dr. ROBERT SANDERSON, *Regius* Profeſſor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and afterwards *Bp.* of *Lincoln*; Dr. JOHN PEARSON, *Bp.* of *Cheſter*; Dr. JAMES USHER, and Dr. JOHN BRAMHALL, ſucceſſive Primates of *Ireland*; Dr. BRIAN WALTON, Compiler of the Polyglott Bible, and *Bp.* of *Cheſter*, Men of extraordinary Learning, and Piety; whoſe Works are ſufficiently known to the World. Mr. MATTHEW POOLE, of *London*, a Nonconformiſt, but a Man of immenſe Learning, and great Judgment; and no leſs Humility and Piety; Author of that ſtupendous Work entitled *Synopſis Criticorum*, &c. a moſt noble Collection of Commentarys upon the holy Scriptures.

VER 266. BULL.] Dr. GEORGE BULL made *Bp.* of St. *David*'s by Q. ANNE. His immortal Works are well known to all the World; as are his exemplary Piety, Humility, and Charity,

to

O BULL! as Here below I oft have hung,
Charm'd, and improv'd, on thy Inſtructive Tongue,
Enjoy'd thy rev'rend Mirth, thy Converſe ſweet,
May I Above thy honour'd Figure greet;
Concurring, tho' in far inferior Lays,
To celebrate th' Eternal TRIAD's Praiſe:
To ſing th' Almighty's Praiſe we There may join;
I cannot Here be juſt in ſinging Thine.

Tho' now in Life's Decline, and prone to Earth,
Fain would I ſooner have receiv'd my Birth;
That what from Thee my Youth unpractis'd learn'd,
My riper Years might better have diſcern'd:
Perhaps for Time miſpent I leſs had griev'd,
Like Thee had *ſtudy'd*, and like Thee had *liv'd*;
Nearer, in Age, I to the Grave ſhould be;
But nearer, in good Works, to Heav'n, and Thee.

Equal

---

to All who had the Happineſs of his Acquaintance. His acquired Learning was vaſtly great; but his natural acute Parts, and ſolid Judgment, greater: See his Life written by Mr. NELSON: To which many Things might be added.

VER. 270. *Figure.*] His *Perſon*, and *Aſpect* were diſtinguiſhingly engaging. The Print before his Works is the perfect Image of him: only it wants that Sweetneſs of Countenance, which always accompany'd his delightful Converſation.

VER. 272. TRIAD.] *Trinity.* *Bp.* BULL was a zealous, and moſt able Defender of That Doctrine.

Equal to Theſe, perhaps ſuperiour, ſtand
Laic Divines, a glorious, ſhining Band;
Who, warm'd with Piety, with Learning fraught,
God's Servants, tho' not Prieſts, his Battles fought;
Thoſe his Brave voluntary Soldiers, Thoſe
Who, not oblig'd by Office, quell'd his Foes.
BOYLE, GROTIUS, NELSON, wonderful PASCAL;
Learn'd, pious, humble, venerable HALE.
HALE! Who to Thee can Thy due Praiſes grudge,
Deep Theologue, Philoſopher, and Judge?
Advanc'd to *England*'s higheſt Judgment-Seat,
How could'ſt Thou write, as in obſcure Retreat?
So write, that Thee we read, with pleaſing Awe,
Preacher of *Goſpel*, Oracle of *Law*?
But Who a more reſplendent *Crown* ſhould wear
In higheſt *Heav'n*, than They who wore one *Here*?

If

VER. 289. BOYLE, GROTIUS, &c.] The Honourable ROBERT BOYLE, Eſq; Founder of the Lecture againſt Atheiſm and Infidelity; HUGO GROTIUS, a *Hollander*, one of the moſt learned Men that ever liv'd; ROBERT NELSON, Eſq; Author of *the Companion to the Feſtivals* and *Faſts*, &c. Monſieur PASCAL, a *Frenchman*, a Man of amazing Parts, and Seraphic Piety.

VER. 290. HALE.] the Right Honourable Sir MATTHEW HALE, Lord Chief Juſtice of *England*: The Honour of our Country; One of the greateſt Lawyers, Divines, and Philoſophers, and one of the beſt Chriſtians, this Nation ever bred. His Works in Divinity are, *Contemplations Moral, and Divine*; *The Knowledge of God, and of Ourſelves*; *The Origination of Mankind*, &c.

If *well* They wore it — KINGS, Religious, Juſt,
Not Slaves to ſordid Av'rice, Pride, and Luſt;
But Wiſe, and Good; who only fill'd a Throne,
To make their People's Happineſs their Own.
Who to God's Church true nurſing Fathers prov'd,
His Temples built, his Prieſts rever'd, and lov'd:
Who joy'd to make their Subjects' Wealth increaſe;
And wag'd not Wars, for Glory, but for Peace:
Promoted Learning, Vertue, Courage, Worth
Of ev'ry Kind — Like Suns ſhall Theſe ſhine forth;
Shall ev'n in Heav'n their regal Titles hold,
Add Crowns of Glory to their Crowns of Gold;
In That New World, with ſublimated Bliſs,
More honour'd reign, *becauſe* They reign'd in This.
Illuſtrious *Founders* of the *Muſes Seats*,
Of Piety's, and Learning's ſweet Retreats;
Chiefly of Thoſe, where gentle ISIS glides,
And winding CAM the flow'ry Meads divides;
With Theſe ſhall triumph. Their Reward how vaſt,
Whoſe Bounty with the World itſelf ſhall laſt!
Whoſe planning Heads, and large munific Hearts
Poliſh'd Mankind with Sciences, and Arts;

VER. 315, 316. ——ISIS——CAM.] The River ISIS, at *Oxford*; the River CAM, at *Cambridge*.

Vertue, and Truth, and Knowledge, nurs'd, and fed;
Prieſts, Prelates, Patriots, Statesmen, Heroes, bred.
Thoſe, who *Wintonia*'s Mitre glorify'd;
Great WICKHAM, WAINFLET, FOX, *Wintonia*'s Pride!
WICKHAM, the Prince of All who ever laid
Learning's Foundations, ſince the World's were made:
England's Sixth HENRY, RICHMOND's Princely Dame
MARG'RET, and CHICHELEY of immortal Fame:
And pious WADHAM — Hail! lov'd, honour'd Pair!
You with the Greateſt ſhall due Honours ſhare.
May I in Heav'n (You gave my Muſe her Birth)
Your Faces ſee, whoſe Bread I ate on Earth:
Mean while from Earth accept This grateful Praiſe,
The meaneſt of Your letter'd Offspring pays.

They

VER. 323. *Wintonia.*] *Wincheſter.*

VER. 324. WICKHAM, &c.] WILLIAM of *Wickham*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, Lord Treaſurer, and Lord High Chancellor of *England*; Founder of *New College* in *Oxford*, and of its Siſter College near *Wincheſter*; which, together, are the nobleſt Seminary of Learning in Chriſtendom. WILLIAM *of Wainflet*, Founder of That illuſtrious Society, *Magdalen*-College in *Oxford*. RICHARD FOX, Founder of *Corpus Chriſti* College in *Oxford*.

VER. 327, 328, 329 ——— *England's* Sixth HENRY, &c.] K. HENRY VI. Founder of *King's* College in *Cambridge*, and *Eton*-College near *Windſor*. MARGARET Counteſs of *Richmond*; Foundreſs of St. *John's* and *Chriſt's* Colleges in *Cambridge*. HENRY CHICHELEY, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, Founder of *All Souls* College in *Oxford*. NICHOLAS WADHAM, Eſq; and DOROTHY his Wife, Founders of *Wadham* College in *Oxford*.

They too, whoſe Gifts the *Clergy's Orphans* feed:
O Shame, and Guilt that they ſuch Alms ſhould need!
Their *Orphans*, and their *Widows*, tho' ſtill ſcant
Of Living, feel leſs Penury, and Want,
Somewhat refreſh'd, by ev'n This little Store;
And in leſs Bitterneſs of Soul deplore.
Beneficent, wiſe TURNER, Thou the Chief,
And many More who add to This Relief;
If aught of Fame true Gratitude can give,
Your Honour, Name, and Praiſe ſhall ever live.
Since to This Theme the Muſe's Lyre is ſtrung;
'Twere Guilt, ſhould pious ANNA be unſung.
ANNA, of fragrant Mem'ry, ever bleſt,
How did God's Glory warm Thy ſacred Breaſt!
The *Church* how *lov'd* by *Thee!* Like *Thee*, None roſe
To leſſen her *impoveriſh'd Clergy's* Woes;
Since firſt (O! be Heav'n's Wrath for That appeas'd)
Her Spoils by Sacrilegious Hands were ſeiz'd.
Methinks, ev'n Now I *ſee* Thy *gracious Mien*;
The *Saint* confeſs'd, and ſmiling in the *Queen*;
Expreſſive of Thy great, and humble Mind;
And awful Majeſty with Sweetneſs join'd.

VER. 341. TURNER.] Dr. THOMAS TURNER, Preſident of *Corpus Chriſti* College in *Oxford*, gave 22,000 l. to the Corporation of the *Sons of the Clergy*.

Loud Fame to late Poſterity ſhall tell
Thy * *Truly Engliſh* Heart, Thy *Chriſtian* Zeal.
Thy BOUNTY to *Heav'n's Prieſts* has more of Charms
Than the *long Triumphs* of Thy *conqu'ring Arms*;
More ev'n than That which bade War's Ravage ceaſe,
And gave the harraſs'd World to taſte of *Peace*.
Auguſta's noble *Hoſpitals!* —— Behold
The bleſs'd Effects of well-expended Gold.
The Poor, the Lame, the Blind, the Lunatic,
The Ignorant, the Wounded, and the Sick,
How are they Here reliev'd! How great Reward
Muſt Them await, who Remedys prepar'd
To ſoften miſerable Life, and heal
The various Ills which wretched Mortals feel!
Pious Sixth EDWARD, of Theſe Donors Firſt,
His Thouſand ſees in ‡ his fam'd Fabrick nurs'd;
His Largeneſs ſtill increas'd by freſh Supplys ——
To well-purg'd Minds, and rightly judging Eyes,
How much more lovely muſt HIS *Blue* appear,
Than all the Pride that purple Monarchs wear!

To

* In one of her firſt Speeches to her Parliament (the very Firſt, as I remember) She ſaid her Heart was *Entirely Engliſh*. Which She abundantly verify'd by the Tenor of her Actions, particularly by her allowing, as a free Gift to her Subjects, 100000*l. per Annum* out of her own private Revenue, for the Service of the Publick.

‡ *Chriſt*'s *Hoſpital*.

To His great Father ſhould leſs Praiſe be giv'n?
O mighty HENRY — May'ſt thou be in Heav'n.
Yet ah! — But ſtop, indignant Muſe, forbear;
Look on St. *Barthol'mew's*, and think him There.
How beauteous ſtands That ſtill increaſing Pile;
While round it Charity, and Goodneſs ſmile!
Govern'd by Worthys, who, as They diſpenſe
For Others, add their Own Munificence;
And, ſtudious to diminiſh human Woe,
Think it leſs Praiſe to *Rule*, than to *Beſtow*.
Of ev'ry Kind celeſtial Charity
Lifts Man to Heav'n, and peoples Half the Sky.
So great it's Influence; at the Laſt great Day,
The Judge ſeems *all* his Streſs on *That* to lay.
"Come Ye, my Bleſſed — You the Naked cloath'd —
"Depart, Ye Curſed — You That Office loath'd. —
As if all Vertues center'd in This One;
Or Heav'n were due to Charity alone.
Treaſure in Heav'n wouldſt thou on Earth ſecure?
Be lib'ral of thy Treaſure to the Poor.
Such Works, tho' *poſthumous*, have ſure Reward;
But richer is the Crown for Thoſe prepar'd,

VER. 378. HENRY.] K. HENRY VIII.
VER. 391, 392. *Come, Ye — Depart, Ye*, &c.] Matth. xxv.
VER. 395. *Treaſure in Heav'n.*] Matth. xix. 21.

Their Bounty ſpringing from the worthieſt Stem,
Who left their *Wealth*, before their Wealth left *Them*;
Who built their Charity on *Life*, not *Death*;
And rather choſe to *give*, than to *bequeath*. †

Not far from pious *Kings* who bleſs'd Mankind,
To pious *Stateſmen* are their Seats aſſign'd.
But Theſe alas! how few! — Yet Such *have been* —
Unlike a MACHIAVEL, or MAZARINE.
Such was good WALSINGHAM; Some few beſide;
SOUTHAMPTON, and th' Integrity of HYDE.
Who acted, with deep Heads, and honeſt Hearts,
At once the *Courtier*'s, and the *Patriot*'s Parts;
As prompt t' obey, as execute the Laws,
And equal 'twixt the Crown's, and People's Cauſe:
The Rights of Both induſtrious to maintain,
Of Both th' unjuſt Encroachments to reſtrain.

Who

† This is not in the leaſt intended to leſſen the Value and Excellence of Thoſe Charitys which are left by Will, or to detract from the juſt Praiſe of thoſe who leave them. Very often they cannot do otherwiſe; with regard to their own Familys, and Relations, and even to themſelves. But, other Circumſtances being equal, it is certainly beſt, and moſt acceptable to God and Man, to *give* in one's *Life-Time*; for Reaſons too obvious to be mention'd, and which, I ſuppoſe, will be deny'd by No-body.

VER. 407, 408. WALSINGHAM, &c.] Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, Secretary of State to Q. ELIZABETH; who was a moſt *able Stateſman*, and *true Patriot*; and dy'd *very poor*. Earl of *Southampton*, in the Reigns of K. CHARLES the Firſt, and Second. Sir EDWARD HYDE, Earl of *Clarendon* (Author of the famous Hiſtory) and Lord High Chancellor of *England*.

Who by their Vertues, and Examples rare,
Made Vertue look more lovely, and more fair;
Well knowing that, to gain in Heav'n a Seat,
They muſt be Good, as well as Wiſe, and Great.
The reſt promiſcuous; All who faithful prov'd,
Who dy'd repentant, God ſincerely lov'd;
The Humble, and the Juſt — In fine the *Good.*
But let that Word be rightly underſtood:
To make us ſuch, *all* Vertues muſt concur;
And perſevering *to the laſt* endure:
Ev'n Charity is, tho' the Chief, but One;
And He who has not All, has *truly* None.

Thoſe who, *on Earth*, in zealous *warm Diſpute*
Contending, ſtrove each other to confute,
May *greet Above*, claſp'd in Embraces dear,
And *wonder* how they *meet each other* There.
God's Thoughts are not contracted, narrow, blind,
Like mortal Men's — Ev'n *Pagan* Vertue, join'd
With Ignorance ſincere, Reward may find.
There Saint-like SOCRATES, and CYRUS, beſt
Of Heathens, and great TULLY may be bleſt;
And wiſe VESPASIAN, and his pious Son
TITUS, whoſe worthy Deeds ſuch Glory won:
And ſacred VIRGIL, ſacred in his Verſe
At leaſt, MESSIAH's Praiſes may rehearſe;

And

And ſing His *Merits*, fir'd with *knowing* Zeal,
Whoſe *Birth* in *Ignorance* He ſung ſo well.
If, while tempeſtuous Winds the Deep deform,
The Merchant, ſav'd from Wreck, enjoys the Storm;
Tho' ſtill, in *future Voyages*, expos'd
By future Winds, and Billows to be toſs'd:
How great the Exultations of the Bleſt!
What Tranſports muſt dilate each raviſh'd Breaſt;
When they look back upon the Waves, the Rocks,
They have eſcap'd; Temptation's violent Shocks,
Temptations, from the World, the Devil, Themſelves;
The Quickſands they have paſs'd, the Gulphs, the Shelves!
When *Dangers* now can threaten them *no more*
Forever landed on their *final* Shore!
How muſt They God's unbounded Goodneſs praiſe,
Who thus the *little Services* o'erpays
Ev'n of the *Beſt!* —— A poor, defective, lame
Obedience —— Endleſs Glory can it claim?
Eternal Happineſs? O Depth! Abyſs
Of Mercy infinite! Eternal Bliſs!
For What? For Nothing; for Infirmities
At beſt; imperfect Vertue ſtain'd with Vice.
Sincerity was all they had to plead,
Join'd with *Repentance*. Heav'n! art Thou the Meed

Of

Of the ſhort Race, which fall'n, degen'rate Man,
So liſtleſs, and with ſo much Languor, ran?
Yes; Faith *aſſures* us; and it *will* be ſo:
How ſhould our Hearts with Gratitude o'erflow!
Nay more; a *late Repentance*, if ſincere,
And join'd with *Reformation*, crowns us There.
Thoſe who in Vice confirm'd had well nigh ſpent
Their Term of Life, *juſt living* to *Repent*;
Who (their remaining Time almoſt too ſhort)
Scarce tugg'd their half-wreck'd Veſſel into Port;
Shall yet gain Heav'n. But riſque not There thy Fate:
A true Repentance never is too late——
Acknowledg'd —— But be This remember'd too,
A late Repentance is but ſeldom true.
A *Candidate for Heav'n*, in Soul and Mind,
In his Affections, muſt be *Here refin'd*:
Habits, deep-rooted when *This World we leave*,
Will, in the *Next*, *forever* to us cleave.

There,

VER: 480, 481. *Habits deep-rooted, when This World, &c. Will in the Next, &c.*] This was the Doctrine of PLATO, VIRGIL, and Others among the ancient Heathen Philoſophers; and Chriſtian Divines have made it clear, and evident. Dr. SCOTT's *Chriſtian Life*, in particular, is entirely built upon this Principle. The Thing indeed is ſo agreeable to Reaſon; that the Contrary can ſcarce be conceived *poſſible*. And This ſhews the *Abſolute Neceſſity* of

There, to *adapt* us for the Joys above,
God will not *change* our Natures, tho' *improve*.
By his *own Action* He will *purge* our Droſs;
Unleſs by Sin we made ourſelves *too* groſs.
" None without Holineſs ſhall ſee the Lord ——
" The pure in heart alone —— The reſt abhorr'd.
Can He, can Purity itſelf, endure
Aught in his Preſence, filthy, or impure?
Behold the Sun; It ſhines not in his Eyes;
The Stars roll Globes of Darkneſs thro' the Skys.
Or grant He could — Suppoſe a Soul from God
Abhorrent, plac'd in That ſublime Abode;
Suppoſe on *Teneriff*'s high Top a Whale;
See how the Rocks he laſhes with his Tail,
Heaves his broad Gills, and pants for thicker Air:
Ev'n ſo the *Carnaliz'd* in Heav'n would fare.

Can

---

of our being *Vertuous*, and *Holy*: Since without it we are, in the *Nature* of Things, *incapable* of being *Happy*. God Himſelf cannot make us ſo, without *changing our Nature* by Miracle: Which is *impoſſible*; becauſe it is inconſiſtent with his own infinite Perfections: Becauſe it would be *abſurd*, and *irrational* for him to do ſo.

VER. 486. *None without Holineſs*, &c.] Heb. xii. 14. Here is expreſs Scripture for the ſame Doctrine.

VER. 487. *The pure in Heart*, &c.] Matth. v. 8.

VER. 490, 491. *Behold the Sun——The Stars.——*] Job xxv. 5. There indeed 'tis *Moon*, not *Sun*. But the Senſe is the ſame.

Can Hallelujahs be a fit Repaſt
For the foul Glutton's, and the Drunkard's Taſte?
Can Luſt, and Av'rice, and infernal Pride
With *Food of Angels* be beatify'd?
Can meagre Envy, Malice, and fell Hate
Enjoy the Love, and Dearneſs of That State?
No; Curſt with Happineſs, with Glory's Shine,
More black, in Am'ranth Shades they would repine;
With haggard Eyes, and aking Sight behold
The glitt'ring Turrets of celeſtial Gold:
Thrill'd with the Muſick of th' ethereal Quires,
Would gnaſh their Teeth amidſt th' Angelick Lyres;
Implore, of Thoſe bright Tortures to be eas'd;
And ſeek ev'n Hell, from Heav'n to be releas'd.
But as we ſee the mounting Flames aſpire,
To meet, and mix with Elemental Fire;
So Souls, inſpir'd by Vertue, upwards move,
And mingle with their kindred Minds above;
By their own proper Motion ſeek the Sphere
Of endleſs Happineſs, and centre There:
Happy They were ev'n in Themſelves before;
And only Heav'n's full Joys can bleſs them more.

PART

VER. 505. *Amaranth.*] Or *Amarant.* A Flower that *never fades*: Suppos'd by *Milton* to grow in *Heaven*, and There *only*.

PART IV.

HELL.

The ARGUMENT.

THE amazing Dread, and Terror of the Subject. The Madneſs of the Infidels, who ſay God can not, or will not puniſh. That monſtrous Notion expos'd; and their ſenſeleſs Reaſonings anſwer'd. ver 1, &c. The Place of Hell uncertain. Whether in Chaos, and the extramundane Space. Or in the Bowels of the Earth. Or in the Sun. This laſt enlarg'd upon. ver. 77, &c. Tho' we know not Where it is, we know What it is; viz. perfect Miſery. Fire muſt make the Senſible Part of it. ver. 121, &c. The inconceivable Horrours and Miſery both of the Place, and State, deſcribed at large. ver. 160, &c. An Objection obviated, That all This is Fancy, and Poetick Fiction. ver. 263, &c. The Eternity of the Torments. Arguments, on both Sides. Suppoſing them not Eternal; they may be dreadful beyond Imagination. However, (ſince we cannot demonſtrate the Contrary) 'tis ſafer to think them Eternal, than feel them to be ſo. ver. 275, &c. WHO ſhall be in Hell, In general; all impenitent Sinners. More particularly, Adulterers, and Fornicators. ver. 326, &c. Covetous Perſons. ver. 351, &c. Wicked Clergymen; both Prieſts, and Prelates. Wicked Miniſters of State. ver. 369, &c. Wicked Kings, Queens, and Sovereign Princes. ver. 392, &c. Traytors: Corrupt Betrayers, and Sellers of their Country, on the one hand; Factious, Seditious, falſe Patriots on the other. ver. 412, &c. Thoſe who debauch'd the World by their wicked Writings of any Kind. Evil Speakers, and Cenſorious Perſons: Under which Head, an Objection is obviated with relation to the Author's Severity againſt Vice, and vicious Men as Such. ver. 428, &c. Objection, That all This is Prieſtcraft, &c. This anſwer'd. Infidelity ſet in all imaginable Lights; and ſhewn to be perfect Madneſs in every one of them. ver. 460, &c.

PART IV.

HELL.

TRemble, ye Guilty! Tremble, ev'n the Good!
Almighty Vengeance! — Chills it not the Blood?
Can ev'n the Bleſt Hell's horrid Gulph behold,
Torrents of Fire in boiling Billows roll'd;
And not ſhrink back with Terror and Affright;
And, tho' ſecure, not ſhudder at the Sight?
A Miſery complete, unmix'd, and pure,
What Fancy can conceive? what Thoughts endure?
" What Thoughts indeed? the Infidel replys;
" God *muſt* not, *will* not, *cannot* puniſh Vice,
" When all the *Ends* of *Diſcipline* are paſt;
" In the next World his Anger will not laſt.
" 'Twould argue *Weakneſs*, Paſſion *impotent*,
" *Rage*, *Cruelty*, *and Malice*, * to torment
" (Merely for Torment's ſake) with penal Pain
" His wretched Creatures: Are their Plagues his Gain?

" When

* So ſome of the Deiſtical Writers have not trembled to expreſs themſelves.

" When from their Puniſhment, however due,
" No *Profit*, or *Advantage* can accrue
" To *Others*, or *Themſelves*; Can God impoſe
" That Puniſhment? and triumph in their Woes?
" Can Shrieks, caſt upwards from Hell's Depth of Fire,
" Mix grateful Muſick with th' Angelick Lyres?
" God is *all Good*; In Him, *as Good*, we truſt."
But is He not, too, *Holy*, *Wiſe*, and *Juſt*?
Think'ſt thou, has God *one* Attribute alone?
Can *Mercy*, ev'n tho' *infinite*, be thrown
On *Objects* which are *capable* of None?
Muſt Wiſdom, Holineſs, Truth, Juſtice, fail
In God; that Goodneſs only may prevail?
And can'ſt thou *prove*, that Puniſhment can tend,
Hereafter, to no ſalutary End?
That all *Examples* Then their force ſhall loſe,
And Pains, and Terrors be no more of Uſe?
Or grant, thou could'ſt; yet in the *Scheme of Things*,
Reaſon, and *Nature*, is the King of Kings
The only Potentate, who cannot take
On Rebels Vengeance due, for his Own ſake?
Is it for Him, for Him alone too much
To puniſh Crimes againſt Himself, *as ſuch*?
T' aſſert his ſcorn'd, his violated Laws,
And vindicate his Glory's injur'd Cauſe?

Where

Where is his Greatneſs, Majeſty, and Awe;
If Man be with Impunity his Foe?
Under Pretext, in impious vain Diſpute,
Of honouring his ONE *mild* ATTRIBUTE;
Thou mak'ſt Him deſpicable, a God of ſmall,
Or no Account; that is, no God at all.
In thy Mock-Robe the Deity thus dreſs'd,
Appears a perfect Ridicule, and Jeſt:
The DEIST quite unmaſk'd; the ATHEIST ſtands confeſs'd.
Thus far the Views of human Reaſon reach:
But more expreſs the ſacred Pages teach.
There God 'gainſt Sin incens'd with vengeful Ire,
With Terrors arm'd, a fierce conſuming Fire,
Shines forth tremendous. True, He courts, and woos,
In melting Strains, his moſt rebellious Foes

VER. 50. The DEIST——the ATHEIST——] This, I ſay, is one Inſtance among Others; by which it appears that *Deiſm* (as it is Now call'd) reſolves at laſt into downright *Atheiſm*. *Such a God* as Theſe Men have painted out to us is a moſt contemptible, ridiculous Being; that is, *no God*. For other Proofs that Deiſm, as it now ſtands, is mere Atheiſm; ſee *Bp. Gaſtrell*'s (for it is His, tho' his Name is not to it) *Dialogue between a Sceptick, and a Deiſt*; *Scripture Vindicated* againſt Chriſtianity *as Old as the Creation*, in many places.

VER. 53, &c. *There God 'gainſt Sin*, &c.] It is needleſs to quote particular Texts for Proof of This. Both Teſtaments are full of them.

VER. 55, &c. *True, He courts and woos*, &c] Iſai. i. Ezek. xviii. and innumerable other Places both of the Old, and New Teſtament.

To Penitence, and Happineſs; declares,
Proteſts, and by *Himſelf*, as *Living*, ſwears,
He ſtands moſt ready Sinners to forgive;
Intreats, and begs them to repent, and live.
But on th' obdur'd, Plagues, Storms, and Tempeſt pours,
And Wrath, which to Eternity devours.
God *cannot* puniſh—So thou ſay'ſt—But ſtill
That God Himſelf proclaims He *can*, and *will*.
As thus the ſtrong Aſſertors diſagree;
Muſt we, I aſk, believe in GOD, or THEE?
" But Oh! the *Bible!*—Book ſo much ador'd;
" Which, *Prieſts*, and *dull Believers*, call *God's Word*."—
Why, is it *Not* ſo? Doſt thou never *read?*
But only *laugh*, and *ſhake* thy *empty Head?*
Cavil thou may'ſt; but never can'ſt *refute*
Thoſe FACTS, which prove it *genuine* paſt Diſpute,
God's *genuine Word*—But 'tis not Now the Time
For That Debate: I paſs it; till in Rhime
I on That Theme Thy Madneſs ſhall expoſe;
As I, and Others, oft have done in Proſe.
The *Place* allotted to this Scene of Woe
We know not; (may we never, *feeling*, know:)
Whether

VER. 61. *But on th' obdur'd——Storms, and Tempeſts, &c.*] Pſal. xi. 6.

Whether, beyond the Space immenſe, and vaſt
Of the World's Bounds, in *Chaos* wild, and waſt:
Or whether, (ſo perhaps the Scheme is laid)
When the laſt Conflagration ſhall have prey'd
On this Terreſtrial Globe, the fiery Tide
Shall in the *Bowels of the Earth* ſubſide;
And, added to the Central Fire, There make
Hell's flaming Gulph, the molten Brimſtone Lake.
Or whether in the SUN, to form whoſe Beams,
To Us, ſo diſtant, ſalutary Streams,
Millions of *Ætnas*, and *Veſuvios* blaze,
There ſcorching Fires, tho' Here life-giving Rays,
The Damn'd ſhall to their *Tartarus* be doom'd;
For ever burning, ever unconſum'd.
So * Some have thought; and thought they made it plain;
Nor is perhaps th' acute Conjecture vain.
However to our erring *Fancy's Eye*
That Orb appears *above*, *aloft*, on *high*;
In the *World's Centre* fix'd, 'tis moſt *profound*,
Loweſt, to all the wide Circumf'rence round.

VER. 85. *Central Fire.*] Philoſophers ſuppoſe that there is a vaſt Body of Fire in the *Centre*, i. e. the Middle, of the Earth.
VER. 91. *Tartarus.*] Hell.
* See *Swinden*'s Enquiry into the *Nature* and *Place of* HELL.

And *Hell* by All *moſt low* was ever deem'd:
O! may'ſt not Thou, howe'er to Thee have *ſeem'd*
Theſe Things abſtruſe, when Life's ſhort Race is run,
Caſt down from Earth, *deſcend* into the Sun.
From th' Empyrean Heav'n, the bleſt Abode
Of Saints in Bliſs, of Angels, and of God,
Moſt diſtant ſure is Hell; and 'tis as clear,
Moſt diſtant from it is the Solar Sphere.
But is not Hell all Darkneſs, thickeſt Night?
The Sun a glorious Orb of cheerful Light?
Yes, in It's Surface; as to Us It ſhines:
But Figure to thyſelf Its Caverns, Mines;
Its hollow Rocks, Its inmoſt gloomy Dens:
O! wert thou There, how chang'd would be the Scenes!
Ev'n Here we ſpy thro' GALILEO's Glaſs
Black Spots, and ſmoaking Mountains o'er Its Face.
And as th' All-wiſe, Great God, with diff'rent Views,
By the ſame Means, Ends contrary purſues;
Perhaps the Sun, which Now with Light, and Heat
This Solar Syſtem cheers, may prove the Seat
Of Woe Hereafter; rage with ſulph'rous Storms;
And torture Thoſe, whom Now it kindly warms.
However, taught by *Revelation* clear,
We know *What* Hell is, tho' we know not *Where*.

In

VER. 113. GALILEO. A famous Aſtronomer.

In Heav'n as *perfect endleſs* Pleaſures flow;
Hell is *conſummate*, and *eternal* Woe.
Fire too muſt make the *Senſible* of Hell:
" With everlaſting Burnings who can dwell?
" Tormenting *Tophet* is ordain'd long ſince;
" Ev'n for the *King*, the Potentate, the Prince,
" It is prepar'd: 'Tis roomy, vaſt, and wide,
" With Store of Fuel plenteouſly ſupply'd:
" The Breath of God makes the full Furnace boil;
" And, like a Stream of Brimſtone, fires the Pile."
Doom'd to live Death, and never to expire,
" In Floods, and Whirlwinds of tempeſtuous Fire †"
The Damn'd ſhall groan: Fire of all Kinds, and Forms;
In Rain, in Hail, in Hurricanes, and Storms;
Liquid, and ſolid, livid, red, and pale;
A flaming Mountain here, and there a flaming Vale.

VER. 126. *With everlaſting Burnings*, &c.] Iſai. xxxiii. 14. I am ſenſible that another Interpretation may be given of That Text. But that in one Senſe it may mean *Hell*, is allow'd by Expoſitors. However; there are ſo many places in the New Teſtament which ſpeak of *Hell-Fire*, that it would be needleſs to cite any.

VER. 127, &c. *Tormenting* Tophet, *&c.*] Iſai. xxx. 33. Here again Something elſe is meant beſides *Hell*: But that is meant too; as Commentators agree.

† MILTON.

The liquid Fire makes Seas; the ſolid, Shores;
Arch'd-o'er with Flames the horrid Concave roars.
All Hell is Fire——Above, Beſide, Below,
Fires or in hard metallick Subſtance glow,
Or ſpout in Cataracts, or in Rivers flow.
In bubbling Eddies rolls the fiery Tide,
And ſulph'rous Surges on each other ride.
The hollow, winding Vaults, and Dens, and Caves
Bellow, like Furnaces, with flaming Waves.
Pillars of Flame in ſpiral Volumes riſe,
Like fiery Snakes, and lick th' infernal Skies.
Sulphur, th' eternal Fuel unconſum'd,
Vomits redounding Smoke, thick, unillum'd:
For all That Maſs of Fire projects no Light,
But Darkneſs viſible, and glaring Night;
Which to the Eye ſerves only to reveal
Sad Scenes of Woe, and add Affright to Hell:
Pale Fantoms, hideous Spectres, Shapes which *ſcare*
The *Damn'd* themſelves, and *terrify* DESPAIR;
" Gorgons, and Harpyes, and Chimæras dire,"
And Swarms of twiſted Serpents, hiſſing Fire.
There SIN, now ſtripp'd of all her borrow'd Charms,
Which lur'd deluded Wretches to her Arms,
Of Bulk immenſe, immeaſurably tall,
So high, and vaſt, as to be ſeen by All,

Thro'

Thro' the unbounded Space, Herſelf uprears,
And ſpred in full Deformity appears.
Her cloſe Attendant Death, and by *Her* made
Immortal, Now a *Subſtance* not a *Shade*,
By *Her* ſupply'd, thick Darts around her flings,
Keen with God's Wrath, and ſhoots unnumber'd Stings;
More ugly than ten thouſand Furies ſcowls;
And Plagues infixes in the guilty Souls.
Horrour, throughout, and perfect Mis'ry reigns;
An endleſs, ſad Variety of Pains;
Clatt'ring of Iron, and the Clank of Chains:
The Clang of laſhing Whips; ſhrill Shrieks, and Groans,
Loud ceaſeleſs Howlings, Crys, and piercing Moans;
Damnation, Death, in ev'ry dreadful Form,
The gnawing Conſcience, never-dying Worm;
The inextinguiſhable Fire: No Gleam
Of cheerful Light; No ſweet, refreſhing Beam
Of Joy, or Hope: Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair,
Is ſtill the Sound that breaks the duſky Air.
Forever! Never! Never be releas'd?
O No! 'Tis Torment *never* to be eas'd.
All Evil There; no Good: Death lives, Life dies:
" Deliver us, good Lord"——In Tears, and Sighs,

Ver. 178, 179. *Never-dying Worm. The inextinguiſhable Fire.*] Mark ix. 44, 46, 48.

Here rather Pardon let us ſtrive to gain,
Than There, when Seas of Tears will ſtream in vain.
Sometimes, as if ſuch Groans could ſoften Hell,
They throw to Heav'n, with hideous, frantick Yell,
Expoſtulating Crys——They cannot Pray——
" Is there then left of Hope no glimm'ring Ray?
" Can Nothing, Nothing for our Crimes attone?
" Great God, is Mercy infinite Thus ſhown;
" Can Nothing ever waſh away our Guilt?
" Was it for This Thy precious Blood was ſpilt?
" That Millions, who have oft invok'd Thy Name,
" Should, Years unnumber'd, welter in this Flame?
" Made we ourſelves? Did Our Invention weave
" Life's ſlender Web, and teach the Heart to heave?
" And didſt Thou call from Nothing's darkſome Womb
" Thy wretched Creatures to This dreadful Doom?
" Unmake us; 'Tis far better not to Be,
" Than to be curſt with boundleſs Miſery.
" Vain Thoughts! Ourſelves, Ourſelves alone have made
" This Wretchedneſs: We cannot Thee upbraid.
" Good only iſſu'd from Thy plaſtick Will;
" Creatures the ſole Creators are of Ill:

" Evil,

Ver. 207: *Plaſtick Will,*] That is, *Making*, or *Forming*, or *Creative*. God *creates* by a mere Act of his *Will*.

" Evil, and Nothing elſe they could create——
" Then to Yourſelves alone impute your Fate,
" Ye Reprobate——Ev'n Here, in Hell's deep Pit,
" Our righteous Judge, tho' Damn'd, we muſt acquit:
" We only to our Luſts ourſelves enſlav'd;
" He would have ſav'd us——would we have been ſav'd."
But as the boiling Seas, in which they howl,
By counter Guſts, now This, now That way, roll;
So fluctuates in their Breaſts the refluent Tide
Of Paſſions: God e'erwhile they juſtify'd:
Dire Execrations next ſucceed; They fling
Tarterean Rage tow'rds Heav'n, againſt Heav'n's King;
Againſt the Higheſt fiercely they blaſpheme:
But then again their own mad Choice condemn;
Much they curſe God, but curſe Themſelves much more:
In Conſort the ſulphureous Torrents roar.
Meanwhile, as if but light were all Theſe Pains,
Legions of Devils, bound, Themſelves, in Chains,
Tormented, and Tormenters, o'er them ſhake
Thongs, and fork'd Iron, in the burning Lake;
Belching infernal Flames, and wreath'd with Spires
Of curling Serpents, rouſe the Brimſtone-Fires;
With Whips of fiery Scorpions ſcourge their Slaves,
And in their Faces daſh the livid Waves:

Slaves

Slaves to the Dev'l, and Sin; who rather choſe,
Vaſſals of Hell, to ſuffer endleſs Woes;
Than to enjoy, in Heav'n's high, bleſt Abode,
The glorious Freedom of the Sons of God.

In thoſe dark Depths, and Flames (ſtill Torment new)
Heav'n's Joys, at diſtance infinite, They view;
From That abhorr'd, unfathomable Abyſs,
Look up, and ken th' exulting Saints in Bliſs.
Chiefly the Rich, the Mighty, and the Proud,
Earth's Tyrants Once, will gnaſh, and rage aloud;
When Thoſe, whom Here, as Dung upon the Soil,
Ev'n than the Dogs, that lick'd their Sores, more vile,
They ſcorn'd, on whom with haughty Air they frown'd,
They ſee aloft, with brighteſt Glory crown'd.
"Groaning for Anguiſh, Envy, and Deſpair,"
How will they bite their Fleſh, and rend their Hair!
"Lo! Theſe are They, whom We, in Life's Debauch,
"A Bye-word held, a Proverb of Reproach:
"We Fools, immers'd in Luxury, and Vice;
"Eſteem'd Them Mad, who were the only Wiſe;
"Madneſs

Ver. 236. *The glorious Freedom*, &c.] Rom. vii. 21.
Ver. 244. *Dogs, that lick'd their Sores*—] Luke xvi. 21.
Ver. 247. to Ver. 259. *Groaning for Anguiſh,*——*with all our Vainting bought?* Wiſd. v. 3, 4, 5, &c.

" Madneſs their Life, we ſaid, their End is Shame.
" How do They There deride Our boaſted Fame?
" How are They, erſt ſo Poor, Deſpis'd, Diſtreſs'd,
" Number'd among GOD's Children! Saints moſt bleſt!
" What Profit have we from our Pride? Or What
" Has Wealth immenſe, with all our Vaunting bought?
" Damnation. Joyleſs Purchaſe! Sunk thus low,
" At leaſt, tho' doom'd to everlaſting Woe,
" Screen'd from That hateful Proſpect let us dwell:
" To be Heav'n-Damn'd is the worſt Plague of Hell."
This Thou reply'ſt, is *Fiction*——*Fancy*'s Paint——
It may be ſo——But is it not *too faint?*
Believe it, Sinner; Hell's tremendous Curſe
Is what we have delineated—Or *Worſe*;
'Tis *perfect Mis'ry*. What, tho' Poets *feign*
That *Light'ning* is *compos'd* of Wind, and Rain,
Of Cloud, and Flame; that 'tis *God's Weapon*, hurl'd
By his *own red Right-hand*, to awe the World,
To fill Mankind with Terror, and Amaze?
What, tho' fictitious be its *forky Rays?*
It's *trifid Fire?* All Nature ſees, and feels,
That Lightning *is*; and what It *ſtrikes*, It *kills*.
" ETERNAL *Puniſhment*, at leaſt, annex'd
" To SHORT-LIV'D *Crimes*, whate'er the ſacred Text

" May

" May *ſeem* to threaten, cannot be conceiv'd
" By Reaſon; nor on ſolid grounds believ'd.
" Is This God's Goodneſs infinite? Is This
" Ev'n *common Juſtice?* That in Hell's Abyſs,
" For Sins of fifty Years, however foul,
" We ſhould to everlaſting Ages howl?
" The Word *Forever*, in God's Book elſewhere,
" Means not *Eternity*, and *cannot* Here."
If ſo; if This be true; Thyſelf aſſure,
Hell will not to Eternity endure:
God will moſt Juſt, and Merciful be found.
But art thou *ſure* thy Argument is ſound?
Murder, ſuppoſe, is a ſhort tranſient Act:
Buſt laſts the *Guilt* no longer than the *Fact?*
Yes; but Eternity—Why, if thy Soul,
By God immortal made, by Vice made foul,
Sin on forever; as it muſt, ſince Grace
In Thee *uncapable* can find no place:
Thou muſt (Eternal Reaſon makes it ſo)
Forever ſinning, ſuffer endleſs Woe.
But God, belike, is bound t' *annihilate*
Thoſe who muſt Elſe be wretched in That State.
Muſt he then change the Univerſal Frame
Of Nature, leſt Thou ſuffer in That Flame?

Work

Work groſs Abſurditys? untwiſt the Chain
Of Cauſes, and Effects; to end Thy Pain?
However; (for I grant, when *Infinite*
Employs our narrow Thoughts; 'tis *Faith* not *Sight*:
Our Reaſon is perplex'd; Ev'n Heav'n, when join'd
To vaſt Eternity, confounds the Mind:)
Admit Hell's Torments ſhall at length be paſt;
Suppoſe, but for a thouſand Ages laſt;
Say but for One—One Century—One Year—
Coud'ſt thou, ev'n Then, Almighty Vengeance bear?
Are all Sin's Pleaſures in the Ballance laid
Equal to This? Oh! How are they outweigh'd!
Could'ſt thou, one Day, one Hour in burning Oil,
Or Sulphur, roaring in a Furnace, boil?
Nay try, thy ſtrong unruly Luſts to tame,
Thy little Finger in a Candle's Flame
But for a Minute—Hold it fix'd, beſure—
What? ſhrink'ſt thou back?—Hell how canſt thou endure?
Forever needs muſt mean *ſome Length* of Time;
Some *Ages* in appearance: 'Tis no Crime
At leaſt, to think it means *Eternity*:
No Crime, nor Indiſcretion can This be—
Eternal Puniſhment to Sinners due
'Tis far more prudent to *ſuppoſe*, than *rue*;
And rather *think*, than *feel* it to be *true*.

The Wretches peopl'ing This Infernal World,
By God's juſt Wrath, and Vengeance Thither hurl'd,
Are all th' Impenitent; who dy'd in Vice,
Sin unatton'd; who more than Truth lov'd Lies;
The Indevout, th' Unmerciful, th' Unjuſt,
Thoſe who indulg'd their Malice, Pride, or Lust.
With what Abhorence ſhall th' *Adult'rer* meet
His foul *Adult'reſs* There! O how they greet!
The Fornicator, and his *Strumpet* leud,
Who once *Each other* with ſuch Rapture view'd,
No more their mutual Beauties Now admire;
Their Flames of Luſt extinct in Flames of Fire.
Their Beauties, which reciprocally warm'd,
To moſt deteſted Uglineſs transform'd
They There behold; Condemn'd (No more of Charms)
To loath'd Embraces in *Each other's* Arms:
Turning to *Hate* their Luſt (They call'd it *Love*)
Furies, and Fiends they to *Each other* prove;
Plaguing, and Plagu'd: She curſes Him, He Her,
(*Themſelves*, belike, of Fault and Blame *Both* clear,)
That by *Each other's* Guilt they met *Each other* There.

The avaricious, graſping *Miſers*, roll'd
In Wealthy Waves, ſhall have their Fill of Gold:

While

While Gold too on them rains in burning Show'rs;
And down their Throats the liquid Mammon pours.

With Theſe, the moſt abhor'd of human Race
Shall *wicked Prieſts*, and *Prelates* find their Place.
Prelates, and Prieſts, who partial preach'd God's Laws;
Flatter'd his Enemys, betray'd his Cauſe;
Or by their Lives and Actions diſavow'd
Thoſe Truths they zealous taught the liſt'ning Croud.
Prelates, who ſtudy'd for this World alone;
And Learning ſcorn'd, becauſe Themſelves had None.
Or Learning if they had; their Guilt was ſtill
The greater, if 'twas us'd in doing Ill;
If, the *Divine* poſtpon'd, with more Regard
They *Stateſman*, *Lord*, and *Politician* heard;
If, at a worthleſs, vicious Courtier's Nod,
They ſacrific'd their Country, Church, and God.
For Theſe the Curs'd, by Their Example damn'd,
With fierce Reſentment, and Revenge inflam'd,
To ſev'n-fold Rage th' infernal Fires ſhall blow,
And hoot th' Apoſtates thro' the Shades below.

Corrupt, rapacious *Miniſters* of *State*
Shall There bewail their ill-got Wealth too late.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe a weak, and wicked Tyrant's Tool,
Pander to Av'rice, Pride, and Luſt of Rule;
Moſt prompt to act in Courts each bidden Part,
A vicious Head, and a more vicious Heart;
A Foe profeſs'd to Truth, and common Senſe;
Loſt to all Reaſon, ſteel'd with Impudence:
Who made his Country, weeping on the Ground,
The Scorn and Jeſt of all the Nations round;
Beggar'd, enſlav'd her; proud enjoy'd her Toils,
Laugh'd at Her Woes, and revel'd in Her Spoils;
Debauch'd her Sons with Vice; diſpatch'd in Shoals
To Jayls their Bodys, and to Hell their Souls;
Exploded Vertue, Honeſty, and Shame;
And taught that Villany alone was Fame:
By whoſe Example, Influence, and Command,
Hateful *Corruption* delug'd all the Land:
Who made the Publick Loſs his private Gain;
His Country's Evil Genius, Peſt, and Bane;
Corrupted, and Corrupting—Where can dwell
(For ſuch have been, as Time's long Annals tell)
So Heav'n-abhor'd a Monſter, but in Hell?

If

Ver. 371. *A weak and wicked Tyrant's*, &c.] Such as the Favourites of Thoſe weak and wicked Kings, *Edward* II. and *Richard* II. of *England*; and many Others, in all Hiſtory.

Ver. 389, 391——*Where can dwell*——*but in Hell?*] Here, as all along, muſt be underſtood, *without Repentance*. See Ver. 328. Which muſt be apply'd to all the ſeveral Sorts of Sinners here ſpecify'd.

If thus the *Tyrant-Miniſter* ſhall fare;
What Portion ſhall his *Tyrant-Maſter* ſhare?
Hell; in the ſame, or in a worſe Degree;
If poſſible, more deeply damn'd than He.
Proud, avaricious, impious *Kings*, who Nought
But their *own Pleaſure*, *Wealth* and *Greatneſs* ſought;
Who like *Deſtroyers*, not *Protectors* reign'd,
Their *wretched Subjects* pillag'd, fleec'd, and drain'd;
Who to be *fear'd*, and *hated*, ſtudious ſtrove,
And choſe to rule by *Terror*, not by *Love*;
As if to *One* Heav'n ſuch *Diſtinction* gave,
That a *whole People* ſhould be born *His Slave*:
Who thought Themſelves ſuperior to *all* Laws;
Oppreſs'd *God's Church*, and diſavow'd his *Cauſe*;
Promoted Ign'rance, Lewdneſs, Cowardice,
Profaneneſs, Atheiſm, ev'ry Kind of Vice:
All Theſe (and ſuch portentous Plagues have been,
King, Emp'ror, Empreſs, Sov'reign Prince, and Queen)
Howe'er They once deſpis'd theſe ſerious Things,
Shall feel, in Hell, there is a King of Kings.
Among *his* Damn'd great MARO places Thoſe
Who ſway'd by *Bribery*, made, and unmade Laws:
Who, *venal* ev'n *Themſelves*, for Sums of Gold
Impos'd a Tyrant, and their *Country Sold*.

And can That Crime deſerve a milder Doom
In Chriſtian Senates, than in Pagan *Rome?*
To Theſe, however *diff'rent ſeem'd* their Guilt,
Muſt Thoſe be added, who their Grandeur built
On *Patriotiſm's uſurp'd* and *injur'd* Name;
Wiſe and *good Princes* labour'd to *defame:*
Always Seditious, Reſtleſs, Turbulent,
Factious, and *without Reaſon* Malecontent,
Mouth'd *Tyranny*, and *Freedom*, when *no Fear*
Of Tyranny, but from *Themſelves*, was near;
Skill'd with the *Sound* of *Liberty* t' *enſlave*,
And *ruin* Thoſe they boaſted they would *ſave.*
Looſe, *vicious Writers*, who debauch'd Mankind,
And to *Their own* the Sins of *Others* join'd,
Shall There deplore the Triumphs of their Wit,
Of All they *lewdly*, or *prophanely* writ;
Their *Hereſies*, their *Blaſphemys*, the *Pride*
Of having Truths *moſt evident* deny'd.
Thoſe chiefly, who, *God's Miniſters* ordain'd,
Traduc'd the *Office* which *Themſelves* ſuſtain'd;
(For ſuch a PRODIGY may be conceiv'd,
Since ſure *Experience* makes the *Fact* believ'd;)
Who, to their utmoſt Pow'r, That *Church* deſtroy'd,
Whoſe WEALTHIEST POSTS and HONOURS They enjoy'd.

But

But leſt the Muſe ſhould ſeem, while keen on Vice,
Herſelf to flatter, as ſhe *That* decrys;
The *worſt of Men* ſhe *loves*, and would *reform*,
Howe'er againſt their *wicked Actions* warm:
Would warn them to eſcape Hell's dreadful Doom,
And fly, repentant, from the Wrath to come.
Few ſhall, ſhe ſings, a Vengeance more ſevere,
Than th' *Evil-ſpeakers*, and *Cenſorious*, bear;
Th' Incontinent of Tongue, and Pen; who *take*
Delight in Scandal, for mere *Scandal's ſake*.
Nor only Thoſe, who darken the fair Fame
Of the moſt Innocent, and blaſt their Name;
But thoſe who *love* to *dwell* on Crimes, tho' *true*,
And blazon Facts in the worſt Point of View:
Who to *all* Faults quick-ſighted, but *their own*,
Speak ill of Many; good, of Few, or None.
Such *Tongues*, which Now, with Inflammation dire,
Can the whole *Courſe of Nature ſet on fire*,
Tho' Nothing *Here* ſhould their Malignance quell,
Shall There INDEED *be ſet on fire of* HELL.

VER. 445.——*Fly*——*From the Wrath to come.*] Matth. iii. 7.

VER. 457.——459——*Courſe of Nature ſet on fire*——*ſet on fire of Hell.*] James iii. 6.

But This, thou ſay'ſt, is *Prieſtcraft* all; th' Effect
Of *Superſtition*, which wiſe Minds reject.
I aſk thee, tho' perhaps *obdur'd* long ſince,
Whom Nought, I fear, but *Hell*, will e'er *convince*;
Is it, at leaſt, not *ſafer* to *ſuppoſe*,
Than *diſbelieve*, Theſe dreadful threaten'd Woes?
Wiſe Minds will by Theſe Terrors ſure be mov'd;
Since, were they *falſe*, they cannot be *diſprov'd*:
They *may* be true——And Oh! ſuppoſe they *ſhou'd*—
Does not ev'n That *Suppoſe* congeal thy Blood?
Haſt thou not, anxious for thy final Fate,
At leaſt *Suſpicions* of a future State?
Some ſad *Miſgivings?* No; Thou wilt reply:
I tell thee, That's not *Error*, but a *Lye*.
To *All*, to *Humane Nature* I appeal;
Ev'n to *Thyſelf*——The Thing 's *impoſſible*.
In Vice, and Luxury however ſunk,
Thou canſt not, certainly, be *always* drunk:
Th' intruding Thoughts of Hell will *ſometimes* pall
Thy Wine, and *ſometimes* daſh thy Cups with Gall.
But Oh! the *ſage*, *dry* Atheiſt; He who *thinks*,
Deliberately *reaſons*, rarely *drinks*;
(*Whoredom*, not *Drinking*, is the Vice He loves)
Who *Human Underſtanding* much improves;

Diſpenſing

Diſpenſing, while God's Threats he ridicules,
Sententious Nonſenſe to his Ring of Fools;
With Sneer, and Shrug explodes Religion's Dreams,
And over *Coffee*'s ſober Fume *blaſphemes:*
Is not He happy? Yes, belike; Of Fear,
And Doubt His *Philoſophic* Soul is clear:
He can *demonſtrate*——Can demonſtrate *What?*
That there's *no Hell?* That *after Death* is *Nought?*
Atheiſt, Begin thy Demonſtration; ſay,
How *prov'ſt* Thou This? In Us is no Delay.
That ſuch a State there *is*, We oft have ſhown
By *ſolid Proofs:* How *prov'ſt* Thou there is *None?*
Is it a *Contradiction?* If it be;
To *ſhew* That Contradiction, lies on *Thee.*
Meanwhile, I tell thee, Thou'rt a Wretch forlorn;
Thou *know'ſt*, Thou *feel'ſt* it: Publick Hate, and Scorn
Juſtly attend thee: While thou turn'ſt to Jeſt
Hell, and its Terrors, *Hell is in thy Breaſt.*
In thy wild, thoughtful Face, thy haggard Air,
We trace plain Marks of Anguiſh, and Deſpair.

Inly

VER. 493. *In us is no Delay*] That is, we are ready for the Diſpute. 'Tis the Form of accepting a Challenge. The Words are *Virgil*'s, Ecl. iii. *in me mora non erit ulla.*

Inly thou trembleſt at the vengeful Rod
Of Him whom thou blaſphem'ſt, the MIGHTY GOD:
That Thought confounds thy Atheiſtic Pride;
He *fears* Hell moſt, by whom it is *deny'd*.

If Hell be *Not*; We, who believe it *Is*,
Loſe Nothing in the Next World, nor in This,
By That erroneous Faith; Nay more, we *gain*;
Since Vertue has more Pleaſure *Here*, than Pain.
If neither Heav'n Above, nor Hell Beneath
Exiſt; no State, or Being after Death;
Thou can'ſt not *laugh* at *Us*: But if There Be;
How will Eternal Juſtice *laugh* at *Thee?*
Thou art *undone forever*. But if *ſure*
That Vengeance be, and *always* ſhall endure;
As God's unerring Oracles proclaim:
Hear, Thou *Freethinker* of immortal Fame;
The *Frenzy* of a *Lunatic* in Chains,
Who baffles the Phyſician's Care, and Pains,
Whom Keepers in a darken'd Room confine,
Is ſober Reaſon, if compar'd with *Thine*:
Thou *Wit*, of thy *clear Thoughts* ſo *proud* and *glad*,
Thou *deep Philoſopher*, art more than *Mad*.
Thou art ſo; ſhould we ev'n allow that Hell,
As 'tis moſt *certain*, were but *poſſible*.

Weigh

Weigh well thy *preſent*, and thy *future* State;
Yet, yet *Repent*——PERHAPS 'tis not too late:
And to us ALL be ſuch true Wiſdom giv'n,
So to *reflect* on HELL, as to be *bleſs'd* in HEAV'N.

Part IV.

PARAPHRASE

Upon PSALM I.

HAPPY the Man, who, Innocent, and Wiſe,
The Peſt of wicked Converſation flys;
Refuſes with ungodly Men to ſit;
Abhors the Guilt of irreligious Wit;
Nor ſhares the dark Cabals were Scoffers meet;
But meditates on God with pious Awe,
And ſtudys, Night and Day, his ſacred Law.
Still ſhall He thrive; ſtill flouriſhing, and fair;
Like a tall Tree, that ſhoots its Boughs in Air
Faſt by the running Stream, and ne'er deceives
Its Owner's Hopes; but ſpreads its verdant Leaves,
Deep fixes in the Mold it's piercing Root,
And in due Seaſon bends with copious Fruit.
Whate'er He does ſtill Providence ſhall bleſs,
And crown his righteous Labours with Succeſs.

A diff'rent Fate ſhall reſtleſs Sinners find;
Diſpers'd like Chaff, before the driving Wind.

And when at laſt ſtern Juſtice ſhall appear,
All trembling they ſhall ſtand, and pale with Fear;
Nor be admitted, black with Av'rice, Luſt,
And Pride, to join th' Aſſembly of the Juſt:
Who now (for God their every Action knows)
Shall take their Seats, where endleſs Pleaſure flows:
Triumphant mingle with th' Ethereal Quire,
And reign in Light, while Sinners howl in Fire.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE

Upon PSALM CIV.

BEGIN, my Lyre, the great Creator's Praiſe,
Who, crown'd with Glory and Immortal Rays,
Majeſtic ſhines; unutterably bright
With dazling Robes of uncreated Light:
Who Spacious Sheets of Ether ſpreads on high,
And, like a Curtain ſmooth'd, unfolds the Sky.
Vapours condens'd, and fleecy Miſts, ſupport
The ample Floor of his Aereal Court:
Who, borne in Triumph o'er the Heav'nly Plains,
Rides on the Clouds, and holds a Storm in Reins;
Flies on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
While Lignt'ning glares before, and Thunder roars behind.
That no incumbring Fleſh may clog the Flight
Of his fleet Meſſengers, or quell their Might,
Them pure unbody'd Eſſences He frames
Swift of Diſpatch, more active than the Flames.
He fix'd the ſteady Baſis of the Earth,
And with a fruitful Word gave Nature Birth.

Then

Then circling Waters o'er the Globe he ſpred,
And the dull Maſs with pregnant Moiſture fed:
Above the Rocks th' aſpiring Surges ſwell'd;
And Floods the talleſt Mountain-Tops conceal'd.
But when th' Almighty's Voice rebuk'd the Tide,
And in loud Thunder bade the Waves ſubſide;
The ebbing Deluge did its Troops recall,
Drew off its Forces, and diſclos'd the Ball.
They at th' Eternal's Signal march'd away,
To fill th' unfathom'd Channel of the Sea;
Where roaring, they in endleſs Wars engage,
And beat thoſe Shores that bound and check their Rage.

Hence ſtraggling Waters unperceiv'd get looſe,
And genial Moiſture thro' the Globe diffuſe;
Purling thro' porous Earth, where Way there lyes,
They run, and on high Hills in Fountains riſe:
Or bubbling out in Springs, they gently ſlide
Down by the craggy Mountain's ſloping ſide,
And o'er the verdant Turf along the Valleys glide:
Till tir'd with various Errors, back they come
To their appointed univerſal Home;
Which God has deſtin'd for the Muſtring-place
And gen'ral Rendezvous of all the watry Race.

For

For tho' th' Almighty checks the Ocean's Pride,
And in due Limits bounds the raging Tide;
That it may ne'er again roll unconfin'd
O'er all the Univerſe, and drown Mankind;
Yet Nought reſtrains its happier Influence,
Nor ſtops thoſe Bleſſings which its Streams diſpenſe.
Theſe, or in Rivers from, and to the Main,
Thro' Oozy Channels draw their winding Train;
Or branching into Brooks, and murm'ring Rills,
Creep thro' the Vales, and ſhine between the Hills.
Whither the Savage Beaſts which roam abroad,
Owning no Maſter, and no fix'd Abode;
And Thoſe which under galling Harneſs bow,
Inur'd to Pains, and patient of the Plough;
Repair, when ſcorch'd with Summer's ſcalding Beams,
To ſlake their Thirſt, and drink the cooling Streams.
Near which the Poplar, and green Willows grow,
Adorn the Banks, and ſhade the Brooks below.
Perch'd on their Boughs, the Birds their Voices raiſe,
And in ſoft Muſick ſing their Maker's Praiſe.
Who from his airy Chambers Rain diſtills,
And with new Verdure cloaths th' unſightly Hills:
The thirſty Glebe, refreſh'd with ſhowring Drops,
Rewards the painful Hind with plenteous Crops.

The teeming Earth luxuriant Herbage breeds,
And Flocks and Herds with graſſy Fodder feeds:
At his Command, the Spring for Human Uſe,
The Birth of Herbs and healing Plants renews.
Then rip'ning Fruits and waving Ears of Corn,
In Summer's Heat the fertile Fields adorn.
Succeeding Autumn from the cluſtring Vine
Gives ſprightly Juice, and glads the World with Wine:
Which with its joyous Guſt and Flavour chears
The drooping Spirit, and diſpels its Cares.
Then the fat Olive, in a diff'rent Soil,
Yields the Year's Product, and reſigns its Oil:
Which adds a Luſtre, and a ſmoother Grace,
To wrinkled Skin, and ſleeks the ſhining Face.

With circulating Sap the Trees are fed;
Refreſh'd with which, the Cedar rears its Head,
And lofty Firs their thriving Branches ſpread:
Which, moiſten'd with invigorating Juice,
A fragrant Scent thro' *Lebanon* diffuſe.
Theſe to the Birds convenient Manſions yield,
Which in th' intangling Boughs their Eyries build.
The ſtately Stork here plants her neſt on high,
Diſdains this lower Air, and ſeeks the Sky.

The

The ſhaggy Goats a hilly Refuge love,
Clamber the Cliffs, and o'er bleak Mountains rove.
O'er ſtony Rocks the ſportive Conies play,
And on the ragged Flints their tender Offspring lay.
Appointed by his Providential Care,
The changing Moon divides the circling Year,
Diſtinguiſhes the Seaſons, rules the Night,
And fills her duſky Orb with borrow'd light.
The Sun with Glory, fearleſs of Decay,
Rolls regular, and gives alternate Day.
By turns, He, entring, gilds the roſy Eaſt;
By turns, with ſetting Rays, he paints the Weſt:
Then gloomy Night involves the Hemiſphere,
And ſpreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.
Then the wild Tenants of the deſart Woods
Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes:
For Prey the yawning Bears forſake their Holds,
And prouling Wolves explore th' unguarded Folds.
With raging Hunger pinch'd, the Lions roar,
Expand their Jaws, and range the Foreſt o'er:
Dreadfully ſuppliant, for their Meat they pray
To Heav'n, and ſavage Adoration pay.
But ſoon as Streaks of Light the Eaſt adorn,
And flying Miſts confeſs the dawning Morn:

Back

Back to their Dens the rav'nous Hunters ſpeed
With their raw Booty, and at Leiſure feed.
But when the Lion to his Reſt repairs,
Laborious Mortals wake, and riſe from Theirs;
To Care and Bus'neſs they themſelves addreſs,
Begin with Morning, and with Ev'ning ceaſe.
How various, Lord, are all thy Works, which raiſe
Our Admiration, and tranſcend our Praiſe!
Wiſely the World's great Fabrick was deſign'd,
And boundleſs Wiſdom ev'ry Atom join'd.
With thy rich Bounty fill'd the Earth appears,
Which Food, and Phyſick, on its Surface bears;
And in its Bowels hides a wealthier Store;
Bright Veins of Gold, and Silver's glitt'ring Ore.
Profuſe of Bleſſings, with a laviſh Hand,
Thou pour'ſt thy Gifts on Sea, as well as Land.
The vaſt unmeaſur'd Kingdoms of the Main,
Copious Materials for thy Praiſe contain.
There ſcaly Monſters of enormous Size
Flounce in the Waves, and daſh with Foam the Skies:
While Shoals innumerable, and the Fry
Of ſmaller Fiſh, glide unregarded by.
Others, in jointed ſhelly Armour, creep
Upon the Rocks, or ſeek the ſlimy Deep.

Here

Here big with War, or Traffick, Veſſels ride,
Driv'n by the Winds, and bound along the Tide.
There huge *Leviathan*, of cumb'rous Form,
Embroils the Sea in Sport, and breathes a Storm:
He ſucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,
And his vaſt Maw with finny Nations fills;
Then laves the Clouds with ſalt, aſcending Rain,
And with his ſpouting Trunk refunds the Main.
These all dependent on his Bounty live,
And from his Providence their Meat receive.
His open'd Hand profuſely ſcatters Food,
Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with Good.
But when his Hand is ſhut, the Creatures mourn,
'Till his withdrawn Beneficence return.
When his Command puts out their Vital Flame,
They moulder to the Duſt, from whence they came;
Then, to repair the Loſs ſuſtain'd by Death,
He gives new Life, with his inſpiring Breath,
To Forms, which from the vaſt Material Maſs
Are ſtill wrought off, and ſo renews the Race.
Thus a ſucceſſive Offspring He ſupplies,
And th' undecaying Species never dies.
No Bounds th' Eternal's Glory can reſtrain,
Nor Time's Dimenſions terminate his Reign.

From his bright Regions of celeſtial Day,
He with Complacence ſhall his Works ſurvey.
At his Reproof convulſive Nature ſhakes,
And ſhudd'ring Earth from its Foundation quakes:
His awful Touch the quiv'ring Mountains rends,
And curling Smoak in ſpiry Clouds aſcends.

For me, while unextinguiſh'd Life maintains
Heat in my Blood, and Pulſes in my Veins,
His wond'rous Works ſhall animate my Song,
Exalt my Thoughts, and dwell upon my Tongue.
While on Rebellious Foes his Vengeance hurl'd
Confounds their Pride, and ſweeps them from the World;
His Glory ſhall my raviſh'd Soul inſpire,
And to the gay Creation tune my Lyre;
That imitates, in various-ſounding Lays,
Th' Harmonious Diſcord which it ſtrives to praiſe.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE

Upon PSALM CXXXVII.

UPON the Banks which fam'd *Euphrates* laves
Penſive we ſate, and ſwell'd with Tears the Waves;
When the Remembrance of our native Seat,
And *Sion*'s lov'd Idea did create
Freſh Melancholy, and improv'd our Fate.
On the green Branches of the Trees which ſtood,
Rang'd on the Margin of the rolling Flood,
To whiſt'ling Winds our tuneleſs Harps we hung;
Our Souls were Diſcord, and our Lyres unſtrung.
Then with keen Scoffs th' inſulting Victors cry'd,
" Why is your *Jewiſh* Muſick lay'd aſide?
" Come ſing ſome *Hebrew* Song, and let us hear
" How *Sion*'s Harmony will pleaſe the Ear
How ſhall we ſing, at your abſurd Command,
JEHOVAH'S Song in this unhallow'd Land?
Our Notes ſhall ne'er in unbleſs'd Vales rebound,
Nor barb'rous Air prophane the ſacred Sound.
Jeruſalem, thou Solace of our Woe,
If I thy dear Remembrance e'er foregoe;

If thou e'er ceaſe to be my darling Theme,
My Thought when waking, and in Sleep my Dream;
Then may my ſkilful Hand forget the Lyre,
Forget to tune the Strings, and ſtrike the ſounding Wire.
May ev'n my Tongue, when I this Subject leave,
Struck Speechleſs to my clammy Palate cleave;
By plaintive Songs no more afford Relief,
But looſe the wretched Privilege of Grief.
Remember, Lord, how *Edom*'s hoſtile Race
Urg'd on the Foes our Glory to deface:
How in *Jeruſalem*'s laſt Day they cry'd,
Raze her Foundations, cruſh her tow'ring Pride;
Lay waſte her Buildings with devouring Fires,
And level with the Ground her glitt'ring Spires.
And Thou who haſt our ſhining Pomp conſum'd,
Curs'd *Babylon*, to ſure Deſtruction doom'd;
Bleſt ſhall He be, who all the Woes We mourn
Shall on Thy own devoted Head return:
Bleſt ſhall He be that ſplits thy Children's Bones,
And ſtrikes their ſprawling Limbs againſt the Stones;
Who all thy Streets with Slaughter covers o'er,
And daubs the rugged Flints with clotted Brains and Gore.

17 00 65

FINIS.

BOOKS *Printed for* WILLIAM RUSSEL, *at* HORACE's Head *without* Temple-Bar.

EXPLANATORY NOTES upon the *Four Goſpels*. In a New Method. For the uſe of all, but eſpecially the unlearned Engliſh Reader, By the late Rev. JOSEPH TRAPP, D. D. Price 6 *s.*

N. B. The Second Part, containing NOTES upon the *Goſpels* of St. MARK, St. LUKE, and St. JOHN, may be had ſeparate. Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.* in blue Paper.

The NEW TESTAMENT, with *moral Reflections* upon every Verſe, in order to make the Reading of it more profitable, and the Meditation more eaſy. Tranſlated from the French of *Father* QUESNEL, by RICHARD RUSSEL, M. A. in IV. Vol. 8vo. Price 1 *l.* 4*s.* bound.

The LIFE of the late Reverend JOHN JOHNSON A. M. Vicar of Cranbrook in Kent, by the late Rev. THOMAS BRETT, L. L. D. Together with Three of Mr. JOHNSON's Poſthumous *Tracts*; and an *Appendix*, containing ſome *Letters*, written to him by the late Rev. GEORGE HICKES, and ROBERT NELSON Eſq; &c. Price 5 *s.* in Calf.

The Romiſh Infallibility infallibly overthrown, with ſome others of the groſſeſt Errors of that Church, in a New Method, by PHILALETHES. Price 6 *d.*

A Serious Addreſs to Lay-Methodiſts, to beware of the Falſe Pretences of their Teachers. With an *Appendix*, containing an Account of the fatal and bloody Effects of *Enthuſiaſm*; in the Caſe of the Family of the DUTARTRES, in *South-Carolina*. Which was attended with the Murder of Two Perſons, and the Execution of Four for thoſe Murders. By a ſincere Proteſtant. Price 6 *d.*

The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat, as the Faſhion now is, and has been for about theſe Two Years, fully Diſplay'd: In ſome Reflections upon it, Humbly offer'd to the Conſideration of both Sexes, eſpecially the Female. By A. W. Eſq; Price 6 *d.*

An

Books *Printed*

An Essay on the Advantage of a Polite Education joined with a Learned One. In 8vo, Price 2*s*. 6 d. in blue Paper.

Letters *from a* Young Painter *abroad to his Friends in England:* with Copper-Plates, in 2 Vols. 8vo. Price 10*s*. in Calf. Large Paper 1*l*. 1*s*.

Anacreontis Teii Carmina, accuratè edita, cum Notis perpetuis, & Verſione Latina, Numeris Elegiacis paraphraſticè expreſſa: a Nupero JOSEPHO TRAPP, *S. T. P.* olim Prælectore publico Lecturæ Poeticæ in celeberrima Univerſitate Oxonienſi. Accedunt Anacreontis Fragmenta & Poetriæ Sapphus quæ ſuperſunt. Editio Secunda, priore emendatior, et Vocabulorum omnium Anacreonticorum *Indice* adaucta; cum Rerum, Epithetorum, & Phraſium inſigniorum Annotatione. 12mo. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. bound.

M. Hieronymi Vidæ Cremonenſis, Albæ Epiſcopi, *Poemata* quæ extant omnia. Quibus nunc primùm adjiciuntur ejuſdem *Dialogi de Rei-publicæ dignitate*. Ex collatione optimorum Exemplarium emendata; additis Indicibus accuratis; à Richardo Russel, A. M. 2 Tom. 12mo. Price 6*s*. bound.

Psalmorum Davidicorum *Metaphraſis*, Græcis verſibus contexta per Jacobum Duportum Cantabrigienſem; cui in oppoſitis paginis reſpondens acceſſit *Paraphraſis* Poetica Latina, Auctore Georgio Buchanano Scoto, Summâ curâ recognitæ et caſtigatæ à Richardo Russel, A. M. Editio altera. In qua Jac. Duporti *Præfatio* utriſque præfigitur; Pſalmorum aliquot *Metaphraſes* Graecae Joannis Serrani, Henrici Stephani, atque aliorum, inſeruntur; ſelectæque Variorum *Notae*, quibus Geor. Buchanani *Paraphraſis* defenditur atque illuſtratur, adjiciuntur.

S. S. Patrum

SS. Patrum Apostolicorum Barnabae, Hermae, Clementis, Ignatii, Polycarpi, Opera Genuina; unà cum Ignatii et Polycarpi Martyriis: Versionibus antiquis ac recentioribus, Variantibus Lectionibus, selectisque Variorum Notis illustrata. Accesserunt S. Ignatii Epistolae, tum Interpolatae, tum Suppositiae, *Curâ* Richardi Russel, A. M. 2 Vol. 8vo. Price 12 *s.* in Sheets.

The Ancient *and* Modern Latin Versions, *which, in the Cotelerian Editions, are separated from each other by the Interposition of many Pages; and the* Notes, *many of which, tho' relating to the same Piece, are dispersed in different Volumes; are Here all placed in the same Page with the* Greek Context, *to which they belong: and besides all the necessary and useful* Annotations, *selected from* Le Clerc's *last Edition, a great many are added from other Editions, particularly Mr.* Wotton's *of* Clemens Romanus, *and Dr.* Smith's *of* Ignatius. *Some of the chief Improvements in this new Edition are:*

In Vol I. Concio de Primaevorum Patrum auctoritate.
J. E. Grabii Praefatio de S. Clementis Romani Scriptis.
Patricii Junii Interpretatio Epistolae ad Corinthios Prioris, à Cl. D. Fello recensita.
Wakii, Grabii, Millii, Wottonique Annotationes.

In Vol. II. S. J. Chrysostomi in S. Ignatium Homilia.
Recentiorum Judicia de S. Ignatii Epistolis.
Tho. Smithi Praefatio in Acta Martyrii S. Ignatii.
Pearsoni Dissertatio de anno quo S. Ignatius ad bestias erat condemnatus.
Versio Antiqua Epistolae Circularis de S. Polycarpi Martyrio.
Pearsoni Smithique Annotationes.

Books *Printed* &c:

A Dissertation upon *Eight Verſes* in the Second Book of Virgil's *Georgics*; in which that Author is vindicated, from ſeveral Miſtakes, which all his Commentators and Tranſlators have either directly or conſequentially imputed to him. By the late Mr. Edward Holdsworth. To which is added a new Edition of the *Muſcipula*, as corrected by the Author, with a new Tranſlation in Engliſh. 4to. Price 1 s. 6 *d.*

Where may be had, written by the ſame Author,

Pharsalia and Philippi, or the *Two* Philippi in Virgil's *Georgics* attempted to be explain'd and reconcil'd to Hiſtory, &c. In ſeveral Letters to a Friend, and publiſh'd at his Requeſt. With Two Maps. In 4to. Price 2. s.

Johannis Miltoni *Paradiſus amiſſus Latinè redditus.* Interprete Josepho Trapp, S. T. P. 4to. 2 Vol. bound together, Price 15 s.

The Ruins of Rome. A Poem. Dedicated to the Members of the Roman Club. 4to. Price 6 *d.*

Aſpice Murorum moles, præruptaque Saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vaſta Theatra ſitu:
Hæc ſunt Roma. *Viden' velut ipſa Cadavera tantæ*
Urbis adhuc ſpirent imperioſa minas?

Janus Vitalis.

The Art of Politicks, in Imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry* (by the Author of the Man of Taſte) in 8vo. Price 6 *d.*